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JOHN BULL

VOL. XXIII. No. 628. SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1918. TWOPENCE.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

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Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

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JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Naught shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Vol. XXIII. No. 629. Week ending Saturday, June 22nd, 1918. Twopence.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*"

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

"Divide!"

Imagine Mr. Bonar Law insisting on dividing the House against a proposal to exempt the disability pensions of discharged soldiers from assessment for Income Tax! God, the meanness of it!

Waking Up.

Without commenting in any way upon proceedings which are *sub judice*, there are signs that our recent articles on the "Hidden Hand" are having the effect of waking up the authorities. It was time somebody spoke out.

"Not Guilty!"

We have been inundated with congratulations upon the supposed appearance of our name in the recent Honours List. Why *will* people take our name in vain? Fortunately, in this case we are "not guilty."

Official Humour.

Talking of Honours, wasn't it rather a humourous explanation of the knighthood recently conferred upon Mr. Park Goff that "he is a King's Messenger, and received serious injuries some time ago by being thrown from the bridge of a steamer on which he was travelling during a violent storm"? Poor fellow!

Enemy Pilots.

We are assured that enemy pilots are still allowed to take ships through the Suez Canal—thus getting to know the movements of troops and convoys. We look for the usual official contradiction.

Complacent M.P.s.

We constantly receive from air-raid victims all over London and district complaints as to the apathy and indifference of their local M.P.s to their sufferings. Yet how solicitous for their welfare will these same gentlemen become as the General Election approaches!

Bad News.

According to the *Dungarvan Observer*, the Youghal branch of the Catholic Young Men's Society "has decided to exclude JOHN BULL for its vilious attacks on the Irish Bishops owing to their attitude towards conscription." Still, we are consoled by the knowledge that the English Catholic Union is backing us up.

A Sovereign State.

Apropos of our protest against the appointment of a British Envoy to the Vatican, a learned reader tells us that by international law the Pope *is* a reigning Sovereign. Where, then, is his Ambassador to the Court of St. James?

A Gallipoli Medal.

Again we ask, when is this medal to be struck?

Rations from Rangoon.

The *Rangoon Times* thinks that we "grow daily more worthy of the Abernethy biscuit or the Bath bun." Perhaps our dear brother will send along either or both of these welcome additions to our rations.

A Conundrum.

Our contemporary, *Syren and Shipping*—apropos of that recent article, "Mr. Bottomley, M.P."—suggests that the last two letters should have been reversed and have read "P.M." Whatever *does* he mean?

NO "RETURNS"!

In view of the new Order of the Paper Controller which comes into effect on June 24, it is vital that newsagents should know the number of customers they will be asked to supply. JOHN BULL readers who wish to ensure getting their paper should fill in the form below and hand it to their newsagents.

I am a regular reader of "John Bull," and desire you to reserve a copy for me weekly.

Name .....

Address.....

.....

War Loan Interest.

Rumour is again busy about a contemplated repudiation of War Loan interest. Who are the authors of this pro-German propaganda?

Pardon for Deserters.

Wouldn't it have been a good idea if, when announcing the Birthday Honours, the King had also proclaimed a Free Pardon, for all deserters and absentees?

An Explanation.

A reader, calling the other day at the Bankruptcy Court, found the bulk of the building in the possession of the Censor's Department. Hence, no doubt, the bankruptcy of ideas for which it is notorious.

The Mob Mind.

According to the *Nation*, "a Carson, a Northcliffe, a Bottomley, a Tupper, or a Billing—it is all one to the mob mind"—the "mob mind," of course, being that which doesn't take its politics from the official Liberal Party!

Irish Enlistment.

We beg to ask who was the genius responsible for sending a Presbyterian Minister to enlist Catholic Irishmen?

Mrs. Pankhurst.

Is it the fact that Mrs. Pankhurst is now in Government employment—and which Ministry does she represent in America?

Wonderful Armenia!

Have you noticed that the Turks are now being constantly attacked by "strong Armenian forces"? This wonderful old race is evidently not exterminated yet.

True German!

Here is an extract from the rules issued from Berlin for the treatment of French prisoners at a certain camp: "Only a piece of soap of the smallest dimensions is to be retained by them." True German!

A Parliamentary Appreciation.

Congratulating us on our recent articles, Sir William Watson Rutherford, M.P., says: "The great cause of national freedom from bestial and disgusting vice is far more important than any other consideration whatever." Best thanks to our honourable friend.

Brotherly Love Continues.

So, after all, it was not Brother Jeans—now Sir Allan of that ilk—who at a recent newspaper proprietors' meeting suggested that this journal was a redundancy in wartime. We gather that he regards us as quite as essential as his own publication, the *Liverpool Daily Post*.

"Sent Empty Away."

With reference to the paragraph, under this heading, which appeared in a recent issue—dealing with the difficulty of obtaining food at night in certain huts—we are happy to state that we are satisfied that Sir Francis Lloyd was in no way responsible for the state of things which we disclosed, and that, as a matter of fact, he actually obtained many valuable concessions for the men.

The "Premium Bond" Scheme.

The scheme which the Editor has had in contemplation for some weeks past is now on the point of completion, and if you have not already received particulars you may obtain them upon application within the next week. At the end of that period the responsibility for raising further funds by means of War Savings Prize Combinations will be handed over to the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The Prisoner Dies.

We should like to know whether Edward Van der Velde, the discharged Belgian soldier who died in Preston prison of "heart disease and pneumonia," is or isn't the man who was stood on his head by the Superintendent of the Blackpool Police to see if he was shamming; and, if so, whether or not the fact was mentioned at the inquest. There would, anyhow, appear to be a case for further inquiry.

Tobacconists and Profit.

Albert Baker and Co., Ltd., is still another of the tobacco firms who are having a nice war. For years they hadn't paid a dividend; now current accounts show that last year the profits jumped from £15,000 to £50,400. And still the public are consistently codded by the Tobacco Control and the Chancellor of the Exchequer to believe the present high prices of tobacco are necessary to keep the poor tobacco companies out of the workhouse!

When will we Learn?

Down Wimborne way it is now announced that farmers may apply for one or two German prisoners to live and work on the farm without guard. Batches of Huns are already at work around Wimborne, "guarded" by farm people; Lord Wimborne has six prisoners in one cottage, watched only by a labourer. There are other cases, and "the men live well." In Northants they talk of dispensing with the slender guard, which already merely takes the Huns to work, and then leaves them. The mad wickedness of all this is appalling.

Control in the West.

The West of England is getting its share of the food muddle. The United Hospital at Bath ran short of its proper allowance of meat, and the patients were supplied from the rations of nurses and attendants. At Exeter the farmers took plenty of butter to market, but were not permitted to sell it. They carried it back, to spoil in the heat. Bristol shopkeepers had butter in stock, and watched it deteriorate because they were warned not to sell it without coupons. The Control seems uncontrollable sometimes.

The Graves of Soldiers.

One day the Clitheroe V.T.C. couldn't find even the firing party they had promised for the soldier's funeral of James Hogan. The next day they turned out in full force, band and all, to get recruits for the Land Army. The parents of another hero, Private Horace Newsome, late North Staffs., aged 18, who died of wounds, were told that the War Office would pay for the grave. The body was brought to Armley, Leeds, but buried without military honours, and a bill for £6 8s. sent to the parents. Have we *no* respect for the men who die for us?

Where is the Child?

There has been an amazing development in the story of the child Marjory M'Kenna, boarded out in Dalbeattie by the Parish authorities of Old Kilpatrick, Glasgow, with an unnamed woman, and admitted to Dumfries Poorhouse in a quite shocking condition. After one disclaimer and the usual official refusals and delays, two Local Government officials were sent to make a private inquiry into the circumstances. Whereupon the Dumfries Parish authorities insisted on a public inquiry, and, while the matter is again being considered, *a man calling himself Fraser M'Kenzie, Inspector of Old Kilpatrick, has spirited the child away from Dumfries!* What is there behind all this?

"Their Hard Earnings."

Women workers at H.M. Stationery Office in Manchester confirm what we said about their miserable wages. The war bonus given to the permanent staff does not come to them, the "extra cost of living" not being supposed to be felt by them! And there is peculiar meanness in the charge of ½d. for a mug of hot water to make tea with. Imagine docking underpaid women nearly a shilling a week for water! Who pockets the iniquitous profit?

A Lucky German.

Christian Bauer, baker, of Warner Street, Holborn, is a German in luck, all undeserved. After two previous convictions, he was pulled up and fined £5 for selling bread not twelve hours old. His luck comes in because he was liable to imprisonment up to six months or to a fine up to £100, or to both. The Magistrate, who said "the Orders must be obeyed," was not helping to enforce obedience by letting an unnaturalised Hun off with a fine of £5 for a third offence.

Sunday on the Line.

Sunday on the rail is not all honey. After travelling all night from Holyhead, you are due to arrive at Carlisle at 6.57 a.m. on Sunday. If you wish to go to Edinburgh, you must wait till 5.10 a.m. on Monday. If you wish to go to Sunderland you have to wait till 6 o'clock Sunday evening. The joke—if it be one—is that a train for Sunderland left Carlisle just four minutes before you got in from Holyhead. Now why on earth could not that train wait to make a connection?

Order Reversed.

In commenting last week upon the case in which the Public Trustee (whom, we are afraid, we referred to as *Mr.* Stewart—Knights are so plentiful nowadays!) secured an apology from Sir George Smallman for a series of wild libels, we overlooked the fact that the last time the defendant and the Judge—Mr. Justice Avory—met in Court, their positions were reversed—Sir George Smallman being on the Bench and Mr. Horace Avory being before him, as counsel, in a certain prosecution, in which we took a special interest, at the Guildhall!

The Pye and the Finger.

Mr. Pye, Deputy Borough Treasurer of Blackburn, appears to have some kind and influential friends. He is some years—not many—over thirty, and his period of exemption has expired. Does he, therefore, go? Not by a long chalk. The local Finance Committee have "assented to an application by the Ministry of Munitions" for the temporary loan of Mr. Pye's valuable services, the Ministry to pay his salary. His time being up, the gentleman passes, not into the Army, but into another office. There must be an influential finger in this Pye affair.

Figures for You—and Moo.

Figures well worth remembering were supplied by Capt. A. F. Wright, R.A.M.C., to the National Birth-rate Commission, under the direction of the National Council of Public Morals—not a meeting of brewers, publicans and similar sinners, you will note. Pumpuritans loudly shout that drink causes immorality. "But," said the Captain, "out of 886 cases of venereal disease, only 11.7 per cent. were due to the influence of drink, whereas 24.45 were total abstainers, and the remainder, although not abstainers, were not under the influence of drink at the time." A nasty knock, that, for the cranks!

Forgotten?

A question as put to us by a man late of the London Irish: "Is there any Society or Fund which looks after ex-soldiers cut-off from the world in sanatoria? There are hundreds of men lying in bed for months, some doomed to die, without friends or kindly attention." It cannot be, surely, that these poor fellows have been utterly forgotten?

A Sentence—and a Warning.

Lodging-house keepers must remember that American subjects, though now our staunch Allies, are technically "aliens," and as such must be registered. A Brighton householder forgot this—looking upon his American lodger, as he afterwards explained, as "one of ourselves." It was a very natural mistake—which might, we think, have been overlooked, especially as the defendant was an old soldier. Instead, the Brighton Bench imposed a fine of 30s.—a warning to others who may have to appear before Magistrates of the same type.

A Tuppenny-Ha'p'ny Tale.

A Pall Mall lady had some property stolen, including a hand-bag worth £150. Said bag being offered for pledge in Plumstead, Miss Brent, the assistant, had her doubts, and called the police. The pawner was nabbed; the Magistrate highly complimented Miss Brent, and the owner regained her property. So grateful was she that she presented Miss Brent with sixpence, but out of that she desired a local paper to be posted to her. Miss Brent sent the paper—and 3½d. change!

Conscience Bankum.

There is a Post Office clerk at Croydon, single, aged 24. He has developed a conscience. The Postmaster-General wrote to the Tribunal that the "Conchy" would still be employed by him, and "his work could be looked on as of national importance." His wages have certainly been "reduced"—by how much or how little, we know not; but we quite fail to see why the local press should hail him as "A Martyr to Conscience." To stay home in Easy Street is not martyrdom; we would find another word for it.

An Ayr Offensive.

Some children in the Royal Burgh having arranged a stage play, in a garden attached to some of his property, to aid the Red Cross funds, the landlord arrived just before the curtain was raised for Act. I. Forgetting his dignity as a Town Councillor and ex-Magistrate, he, in a frenzy, tore down the curtain and bundled everyone out of the garden. It is gratifying to read that "before five minutes, twelve back courts had been offered to the youngsters." Also that his dastardly action was the means of the little ones "drawing at least £1 more than they expected."

No Hurry.

The Ministry of Munitions are still busy with claims arising out of the Silvertown explosion eighteen months ago. At the present rate of progress, the last of them ought to be out of the way in about ten years' time. What we don't quite understand is why, when an agent has been chosen to conduct the negotiation on behalf of an owner of damaged property, the Ministry should go behind his back and attempt to settle directly with his client. That way time is wasted and bad feeling caused. Up till now, the settlements effected have not been notable for generosity or even for justice.

A Nottingham Sugar Scandal.

A number of people in Nottingham registered at a grocer's shop. When it changed proprietorship, the wholesaler "discovered that the new tenant had made a mistake." In the result, the customers were unable to get any sugar for that month, and at the time the complaint is dated they were still without their legal allowance. Have the Food Control Committee heard about this scandal?

Starvation Diet.

We are told that the inmates of the Crumpsall Poor Law Hospital are rationed down to about two ounces of dry bread after a fourteen hours' fast—that is to say, from 5 o'clock tea in the afternoon to 7 o'clock the next morning. "To hear the few mental cases crying out for bread in the middle of the night is what you would describe as hellish," we are told. In Hades all bread is at least well toasted.

A Shabby Business.

Khaki has often been misused for police purposes; at the Grimsby County Club it was His Majesty's Naval uniform that was employed to cheat and entrap the steward into an illicit sale of liquor. Thus the veracious reporter: "The principal witness for the police was Police Clerk Chapman. He was dressed as a naval lieutenant, and he went into the billiard-room." Result: Fines all round, and a stern warning for the future. No doubt Police Clerk Chapman fancied himself immensely "as a naval lieutenant," even if in his heart he was a bit ashamed of his dirty job.

"Remember—and Hate."

For the benefit of Mr. Charles Ridge, the lame and discharged sailor mulcted in costs for knocking down a Hun who spat at him, we have received the following sums:—E. S. (Bath Club), £2; Lew Levy, £1; F. S. (Orford), 10s.; "Servants' Mess" (per T. E.), 7s.; L. G. (Westcliff), 4s.; K. E. C. (Brondesbury), 4s.; L. M. (New Malden), 2s.; A. T. (West Norwood), 2s.; Anon ("Brothers are Fighting"), 2s. Total, £4 11s. Good!

One Man, Two Jobs.

When the Relieving Officer of Thorne, Doncaster, was also appointed Food Executive Officer, the Local Government Board kicked at a man holding two such offices. They wrote to the Thorne Guardians that, considering the amount of work involved, "the Board do not feel that they could properly assent to the Relieving Officer acting as Executive Officer." The L.G.B. may be interested to learn that their decision has been ignored, and that one man continues to hold the two appointments.

"Where's that Cheese?"

At last we have tracked it—some of it, at any rate—to its lair through an advertisement in the *Ormskirk Advertiser*. "To pig feeders, farmers, and others," proclaims the ad. "About 20 tons of Damaged Cheese for Sale. Apply 50, Vernon Street, close Exchange Station." Well, if Ormskirk hasn't had any to eat, it must undoubtedly have had a lot to smell, so we will say no more about that consignment. But where's the other thousand tons or so?

Raw Material.

Is the Government bearing in mind the importance of utilising every available homeward-bound vessel for the purpose of bringing in the raw material which will be necessary for the resumption of our manufactures when peace returns? Labour alone will not be of much use.

Brotherly Love.

If you want to know how such dear brothers as Dr. Addison and Mr. Chancellor, M.P., love one another, you should read that model local paper, the *Hackney Spectator*, and follow their fight for the reorganised Hoxton-Haggerston Division.

Bournemouth's Gas.

Up goes the gas at Bournemouth because, say the Gas Company, they have had to raise their men's wages 4s., plus a 12½ per cent. war bonus. This is the sum put to us by the men: "The Company," they say, "sell 28 million feet of gas every week in the Midsummer quarter at 4d. per 1,000 extra, which works out at a profit of £400. The extra wage paid out weekly comes to £80. Can you work this out and let us know where the other £320 goes?" We think it may be fairly assumed that, whoever is profiteering out of the deal, the consumer is not.

A Reminder.

Don't forget the Flower Fair in Trafalgar Square, from June 20th to 26th—admission free. Every flower bought will help some dying or wounded Poilu.

Candid Communications.

This space is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and occasionally Nonentities.

To the Right Hon. A. Bonar Law, M.P., Leader of House of Commons.

DEAR BONAR LAW,—The discussion initiated by Captain Carr-Gomm, M.P., on the commandeering of 500 acres of the finest wheat-bearing land in Bucks as a site for an aerodrome or spare-parts warehouse was legitimate and necessary, yet you got on your hind legs and petulantly cackled of "the bad effect it would have on the country if the House appeared to be nagging over a small matter of this kind." It wasn't and isn't a small matter. It is another example of that waste and wantonness which has developed as a monomania among the site-seekers of the War Office. JOHN BULL.

To Sir Charles Walston, Newton Hall, Cambridge.

SIR,—Although you have changed your name recently, "Who's Who" has still got you down as "Waldstein," which must be very annoying to a patriotic (by naturalisation) Briton. For good old Walston to have 242 gallons of petroleum stored on his premises doesn't read so bad. But for "Waldstein" to have it—well, it would make us wonder why at the outbreak of war Waldstein had three petrol licences, and what is the "important public work which might carry him by car *far beyond Cambridge*" upon which Waldstein may shortly be engaged.

JOHN BULL.

To His Eminence Cardinal Bourne.

YOUR EMINENCE,—I note that you take exception to my recent references to the Vatican, the purport of which you have somewhat misconstrued. For the Roman Catholic Church in its spiritual capacity I have nothing but deep respect; it is only when the priests of that Church attempt the joint serving of God and Mammon and endeavour to shape the course of politics, that I feel it my duty to object. As to your recollection of protests on the part of the Vatican against Hun atrocities, I confess that I am at a loss to recall any. Can you give me chapter and verse? JOHN BULL.

To Sir Guy Calthrop, Bart., Coal Controller.

DEAR SIR GUY,—Suggestions are made to me that you are sort of mixed up in a coal ramp. It is put in this way: The collieries are under your control and are sending out short weight to merchants—"8 cwt. per wagon," I am told, "being a common average, including all basses, which they do not trouble to pick out." If a merchant complains, the hint is given to him that his supplies will be cut off—and you do nothing in the matter because "it is to the Coal Controller's interest for the collieries to come out on the right side, otherwise by the Act in force he will have to see that their deficiencies are made good." Understand, sir, that short weight is a swindle, no matter who is the villain at the scales, and you ought to stop the cause of complaint at once. If you don't, I hope that when you order in your own next half hundredweight of coal you will find in it nine lumps of slate and three shovelfuls of road-dust. JOHN BULL.

To the Right Rev. Huyshe Yeatman-Biggs, D.D., Lord Bishop of Worcester.

MY LORD BISHOP,—From a paragraph in the *Times* I gather that the "Chapter of the Collegiate Church of St. Michael," Coventry, where Peeping Tom on a memorable occasion saw more than he ought to have done, have gone into raptures over the near completion of your efforts for establishing a Bishopric at Coventry "within ten years from the initiation of the scheme." As the Rev. F. H. Dudden, of Chelsea, emphasised in a Clerical Charity sermon in St. Paul's the other day, numbers of the clergy struggle and starve and shiver; and, I may add, have not infrequently to cadge in humiliation the raiment to cover the nakedness of themselves and their dependants—even sometimes are driven by poverty to take their own lives. When does the Church propose to begin to give her lesser ministers a living wage, instead of providing princely stipends for her prelates? JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. the Earl of Kimberley, North Walsham.

MY LORD,—It may be necessary to comb out agricultural labour so thoroughly that in at least two cases you take a widow's only support. But it cannot be necessary that you should address the widows in such a flippant way. Why not console the poor women whom you are ruining? Telling them that in other parts of the country there are still plenty of young men—the sons of well-to-do farmers, exempt from service—will not do it.

JOHN BULL.

To Sir Herbert Austin, K.B.E., Austin Motor Works, Ltd., Coventry.

DEAR SIR HERBERT,—I do not want to hear of any more strike trouble in your works, but I have reasons for warning you that a great deal of dissatisfaction is simmering in the place about what is described to me as the "twist" on the bonus. An allegation also reaches me that "hundreds of air-craft engines" are kept in the works unfinished, and there is a rumour or suspicion among the work-people that this is done in order to dodge the bonus. Unless you look thoroughly into these matters without delay, I fear they will get out of hand.

JOHN BULL.

To Councillor Samuel Barber, Member of Food Control Committee, Salisbury.

DEAR COUNCILLOR,—I have addressed you as a Councillor and a member of the Food Control Committee because I have not heard of your resignation in either capacity since you were fined £5 or 21 days for a particularly mean theft of two eggs at a local auction room; whether you wanted to eat 'em or throw 'em at one of your political opponents I don't know and don't care. A man who can't keep his hands out of other people's egg baskets is out of place in the Council and as a Food Controller, and I suggest you should act in the matter as the circumstances dictate. JOHN BULL.

THE WAR AIMS FARCE.

WILD MERRIMENT FOR PACIFISTS—PAIN FOR PATRIOTS.

It is time that Mr. Lloyd George put an end to the ridiculous and costly War Aims Committee. There never was any real excuse for its creation. It has been suspect from the beginning, and if its purpose was to counteract pacifist influence, it has been a gruesome failure. This precious Committee has now been denounced by the Commissioners on Expenditure as having made excessive payments. Its Report shows that eight persons among the large War Aims office staff receive salaries from £300 to £1,500 a year. Some are permanent Civil servants, and the rest are permanent officials from the Conservative, Liberal and Labour Parties. One of these, C. C. D. Peters, an official from the Labour Party, left a few months ago, *as a protest against posters attacking Germany!* It is not stated if these payments represent the full amounts received, or if the Party officials are paid part of their previous salaries while in the War Aims office. The Report states that speakers get a pound a day, with fees (usually another guinea a day) and railway fares, so that the amount received, exclusive of fares, would seem to be about £58 a month.

Sir Edward Carson recently stated that the War Aims meetings had been a dismal failure. The reason is that if a job in the office is given to an official of one Party, the other two Parties have the right of putting in an official of their own at the same salary—not for the purpose of fighting the peacemongers, but just to watch each other, and see that nothing is said or done likely to benefit the vote-catching chances of the other two Parties without demanding at once a compensating advantage for their own. The very ample premises in Victoria Street are crowded with pompous officials—each with his two typists, his messenger, and his well-ordered routine, and willing, so far as can be seen, to go on War Aiming for ever. Their great preoccupation is to see that their dignity does not suffer from breaches of etiquette caused by any one man doing something implying less dignity than is displayed by the rest.

The result of all this solemn fooling has been to make the War Aims meetings a laughing-stock for the Pacifists and an insult to all patriotic men. The peace meeting is the last word in capable organisation and smart speaking. Around its tall stand there may be a thousand people, many not friendly. A score of paces distant four or five men are grouped near a rickety little stand, from which someone is bawling at a bare patch of gravel—this is the War Aims meeting. He seems to have nothing in particular to say, and is a bit uncertain how to say it. Presently he tells one of his mates to give him a rest. Another one gets up and shouts as long as he feels like it; then a third man has a go. This edifying performance may last twenty minutes or half an hour. It represents the united strength of the three great Parties, backed up by an army of officials. Their only chance is when an interruption comes from some stray pacifist—when the row may attract spectators, in the hope of it developing into a fight. Seen from without, the War Aims Committee appears more useful to pacifism than if all its members went over bodily into the Ramsay Macdonald camp.

We are spending money like water, and for the unhappy taxpayer the day of reckoning will be a dark one. But there is no decent excuse for the continuance of this discreditable Committee. Shut it down, and let the thousands that will be saved go to remove the disgrace of demanding income-tax on wound-pensions!

ACROSS THE IRISH SEA.

GOVERNMENT RESPONSIBLE FOR SKIPPER'S DEATH.

The Government have assumed close control of the City of Dublin Steam-Packet Company, and the following is a sample of their methods, as stated by the Chairman at the recent half-yearly meeting: "As to the inconsiderate and capricious way in which the vessels were worked, I may tell you that it had a very unfortunate result; Captain Collins, of the *Kerry*, arrived in Dublin ill; this was duly reported the following day to the Government agent—but, in spite of this, he was sent to sea the next day, and on his return died shortly afterwards of acute pneumonia, his doctor certifying that he lost his life through being sent to sea in an unfit condition. He left a widow and children, and we are making a request for pensions for them. Obviously, the Captain died in the service of the country, and the widow has a strong claim"—a claim, we may add, that ought not for a moment to be contested by the authorities virtually responsible for the poor fellow's death. This is but one example of the methods used towards officers and men of the Company—methods which have again and again resulted in acute hardship and cruel loss. So serious had the position become, that a number of Irish Peers and Members of Parliament recently petitioned the Chief Secretary on the matter, their main point being the inadequate protection afforded to the Company's vessels from torpedo attack. "Notwithstanding the numerous promises of protection by the Admiralty," it was stated, "the mail-boats have been constantly in serious danger of destruction. Several vessels, as is known, have been torpedoed within the last 12 months in the Irish Sea, and last week, for the second time, one of the mail-boats only narrowly escaped. If it had not escaped, a frightful disaster would have taken place, involving the lives of numerous soldiers. As far as can be observed, many miles of water are habitually without protection from attack." What is wrong with Admiralty "control"?

SCANDALOUS PROCEEDINGS.

MAGISTRATES SET LAW AT DEFIANCE.

The Croydon Magistrates, having made a bad blunder, have had to climb down with a run. A week or two ago, at a Children's Court—presided over by Messrs. W. E. Wilson, H. K. Moore and C. Heath Clark—a little girl of 13 was ordered away to the Bath Industrial School. There was no evidence against her, although the Magistrates most improperly allowed Attendance Officer Jones to repeat a string of tittle-tattle tales he "had heard," which, if they were all true, came to very little. The worst that Mr. Jones could find to say against the "prisoner" was that one night *last August* she had "slept out," and that while staying recently in a Children's Home she had been guilty of certain undefined misbehaviour. The proceedings throughout were tainted by the gravest irregularity. The Children Act provides that in all such cases the child's parent or guardian shall be present in Court and given an opportunity of explaining, but the Croydon Magistrates, misguided by their "learned Clerk," are a law unto themselves. Although the girl's father lived within a mile of the Court, he was not even informed of the proceedings, and the child herself was actually kept out of the way while her fate was decided. Fortunately, however, there is some check upon magisterial wrong-headedness, even in Croydon: and, as we say, the Bench have been compelled to "eat the leek." Reconsidering the matter in the light of public protests, they have now remanded the child into the custody of her father, while the Home Secretary is to be invited to quash the Order committing her to an Industrial School—which, on the face of it, appears to have been flatly illegal. The Clerk to the Croydon Bench would seem to be overpaid.

LET US PREY.

PRAYERS AND PROFITS IN REGENT STREET.

The precise cost of establishing a new religion is a matter of conjecture, but Mr. F. L. Rawson, A.M.I.C.E., who is a specialist in such affairs, is in everlasting need of funds. It is the mark of Mr. Rawson's versatile genius that he contrives to blend in harmonious proportions the service of God and Mammon. Among his latest activities is the Society for Spreading the Knowledge of True Prayer, or the League of True Prayer, the objects of which are stated—somewhat blasphemously, in view of Mr. Rawson's career—to be "to band together those of whatever religious persuasion who agree to pray in the way taught and demonstrated by Jesus the Christ." In some such lofty terms as these Mr. F. L. Rawson would no doubt describe the purpose of his voluminous writings; but when it comes to putting his curious wares on the market, he is as commercially-minded as any of his more mundane neighbours in Regent Street. His principal volume, "Life Understood: the Standard Work on Mental Healing," is retailed at the modest figure of 17s. 6d. net, with an *edition de luxe* at 25s., prices which—we have examined the book—seem to indicate Mr. Rawson's belief that his clientèle are "mostly fools." With that worldly shrewdness which never deserts him, even in his most exalted moods, the author has formed a Company—the Crystal Press, Limited—for the sale of his literary wares; indeed, he has invariably contrived to mingle business and religion with a skill which it must have taken years of practice to acquire. For one interesting document we search in vain among Mr. Rawson's advertised publications—viz., his personal Profit and Loss Account since he first set up in the pseudo-religious line.

WILLING WORKER WASTED.

CALLOUS TREATMENT OF ONE-LEGGED PENSIONER.

Square pegs in round holes are common enough, particularly in Government employ, but a round peg in no sort of a hole at all—unless indeed it be that popularly termed "a devil of a hole"—is something rather out of the ordinary course. There is a man at Llangommarch Wells suffering from a peg-leg and lack of employment. To be sure, he has a weekly pension of five shillings and a wife who "slaves hard." Still, he is not content. For he has an idea that a man who has been a ship's carpenter for many years and is handy in an engineer's shop may yet serve his country, even though he be minus a leg. Yet he tells us that he has had "twenty-five letters from different Labour Exchanges and different works, *but no job.*" But let us be fair. He has already *nearly* secured a berth—so near a thing it was that he spent 25s. on a visit to Herefordshire—a sum he "had a great job to get." It appears he received a letter from a Munitions Factory in that county stating that work awaited him, but that first he must apply at the nearest Labour Exchange. This he did, and in due course he was instructed to proceed to the factory and report. There was a three-mile walk from the station to the factory—no small undertaking for a man with a wooden leg. Yet our friend trudged along with a light heart—for he felt that at last a job was sure. On the morrow, travel-stained but happy, he was at his post at the appointed hour. But a cruel disappointment was in store for him. To quote his letter, "I waited till mid-day, but no one took notice of me. I was quite done up standing with a peg-leg all that time. Then I returned, downhearted, back again." Simple words, but what a wealth of pathos they contain!

MOTHER HUBBARD UP-TO-DATE.

Our old friend Mother Hubbard still goes to the cupboard,
And it isn't by any means bare—

Thanks to Rhondda and Clynes she still breakfasts and dines,
And yet has a little to spare.

A HEARTLESS MAGNATE.

STRANGE BEHAVIOUR OF AN ISLAND POO-BAH.

As a rough indication of the local might and majesty of Mr. George Fellows, we may mention that as well as being a Justice of the Peace, he is an Alderman of the Isle of Wight County Council, Chairman of the Education Committee, Chairman of the Island Board of Guardians, Chairman of the Sanitary Authority, a Member of the Cowes Urban District Council, of the Isle of Wight Insurance Committee, the Cowes Harbour Board, the Standing Joint Committee of Justices and of the Island Military Tribunal. A useful man to know, and a busy man naturally—often in a tearing hurry. Perhaps, however, Mr. Fellows was never in quite such a hurry, never quite so casual and off-handed, as on the platform at the Newport Railway Station the other day, when he was suddenly brought face to face with what might easily have been a tragedy. A poor woman arriving at Newport had given birth to a child in the train, and a local doctor, hurriedly summoned, suggested the removal of the mother and her baby to the Workhouse Infirmary, there being no other hospital within easy distance. At this point, Mr. Fellows—an interested onlooker—as Chairman of the Island Board of Guardians, was appealed to for help. He, however, declined to sanction the course proposed. It was not a case for the Guardians; it was a matter for the railway company—and more nonsense to the same effect. In any event, the Relieving Officer's permission must first be obtained, and if this official was not at home, the woman and her new-born babe must, presumably, lie in the waiting room till they could find him. Anyway, the Workhouse Master was liable to lose his job if he admitted the case without an Order. Then Mr. George Fellows, J.P., of Cowes, went off to catch his train—as happy, apparently, as though he had merely been having a drink at the bar instead of revealing his "official" soul to the public gaze. It all came right in the end, the Relieving Officer being found and placated, but no thanks to Mr. Fellows—no thanks at all.

SOLDIER OR CIVILIAN?

RED CROSS MAKES BEST OF BOTH WORLDS.

Mr. T. Wood, of Lambeth, a married man with one child, was a soldier of Britain before the war. He was invalided home from India out of the Leicestershires, on medical grounds. As soon as the bugles blew the big fall-in in August, 1914, he tried to join up again, and was rejected. Finally, during the summer of 1916, he managed to get into the Red Cross as an orderly. After working for the Society at home, on March 9th, 1917, he was sent abroad—to Salonica. There he worked for nine months, and had nearly all his papers burnt in the great fire. But an old friend, the fever, got him again in its most malignant shape, and at the end of 1917 he came back to England, and has since been an out-patient of St. Thomas's Hospital. Now, as soon as Wood came home from Salonica, he saw a British Red Cross official, who, on account of his several maladies, discharged him straightaway. Has Wood been compensated? Oh, yes! After some negotiation, the Society were graciously pleased to award him £2. For the rest, he must apply to his Approved Society—which informs him that his present state of health is due to service in the Army, and that under the conditions, therefore, he has no valid claim. Later, however, they offered to pay 5s. a week, regarding him as a soldier and making him fill in a "soldier's form"—but he has not yet got the money. On the face of it, the Approved Society is right—for, as soon as a Red Cross man goes abroad, he comes under military law, and is, in fact, a soldier. In that case, whose soldier is he, and who is liable to compensate him—if not the B. R. C.? On top of this—despite the state of his health—the military have been bothering him with calling-up notices. The latest intelligence is that the Red Cross have offered to pay him £1 a week for eight weeks, providing he is attending hospital and not working. A soldier would get a pension for six months certain, and could take light work. Can't the B. R. C. do something more for its bit of broken material?

ADMIRALTY NEGLECT.

CURIOUS PARALLEL TO DANISH GUN SCANDAL.

The refusal of the War Office to adopt the Madsen gun is matched by the failure of the Admiralty to adopt, or even seriously to consider, the various devices for an "unsinkable" ship which, since the inception of the submarine menace, have been placed at their disposal. One of these patents, commanding a large measure of expert approval, we had in mind when we addressed a "Candid Communication" to Sir Eric Geddes, inquiring whether a proposal of this kind, with plans and specifications, had not in fact been submitted to the Admiralty as long ago as 1915. The true answer, as we know, was in the affirmative; yet the Admiralty still obstinately refuse to adopt a design which would in all likelihood have reduced our submarine losses to vanishing point, and conferred a powerful means of protection upon the heroes of our Merchant Navy. It merely remains to add that the French Government, wiser than our own, have overcome the opposition of vested interests in this matter, and given orders for the construction in American yards of a number of ships on almost exactly the same model as that submitted three years ago to the British Admiralty. Must Whitehall for ever lag?

JERSEY POTATOES.

WHY THEY REMAIN IN THE ISLAND.

"Please Grow Potatoes!" That was the appeal. Jersey answered it. They have been lying on the quay in thousands of tons awaiting shipment to England. Digging had to be prohibited. To relieve the situation one firm chartered a small vessel to carry tubers to a Southern port; but the local representative of the Ministry of Shipping said such loading would not be allowed. In spite of protest and telegrams, no other attitude could be induced, and the steamer was, like the rich, sent empty away. After she had gone, nobody will be surprised to learn that the previous instructions were cancelled, and permission given for the vessel to load when she could be brought back. Three other vessels left Jersey either empty or light-loaded, having no licence to carry potatoes. The local Shipping Controller seems in no hurry to aid efforts by the Islanders to send their produce to England, so the precious potatoes still lie on the quay!

A TEN-SHILLING TRY.

ADVERTISER'S "WELL-KNOWN" LINE.

An advertisement in a London daily looked simple on the face of it:—"Travellers. London and Prov. Salary and com." Letters were to be sent to the office of the newspaper, and a person who wrote received a reply headed, "6, East Street, Marylebone Road, London, W." It was signed, "J. Brown," and J. Brown, calling himself "we," thought the applicant "suitable for the post; the salary we offer you is £2 per week and 5 per cent. com." Brown, however, added that the duties were to "call upon Oilmen, Grocers and Hardware Stores, etc., with our well-known lines." And Brown—he or they—had "put on one side a range of samples," for which 10s. was demanded, to be "refunded after your first week's engagement"—perhaps. We have visited the address he gives as his own. It is a newsagent-tobacconist-sweetstuff shop, kept by a woman who confesses to no knowledge of J. Brown, except that he had asked her to oblige him by taking in letters. He is a short, dark man, and his appearance does not suggest that his "business" is a wonderfully flourishing concern. A "J. Brown" who wants to engage travellers after subbing 10s. out of them, and whose only vouchsafed address is an accommodation one at a stranger's shop, is no man for our money. Nor for yours.

MORE ABOUT

Polluting Our Youth—Wanted, a League of

By THE

MY recent revelations have created a stir in the many quarters where lurks the hidden danger. Those debased creatures who have learned only too well the demoralising vices which in Germany are tolerated with evil complacency, now realise the effects of the searchlight of publicity. Too long have they sheltered themselves behind that sinister barrier which Society provides for the wrong-doer; and to-day, like blackbeetles suddenly confronted with the sunlight, they are scuttling hither and thither in terror of extermination. This is a good and a healthy sign. It is no part of my purpose at this moment of war crisis, when the fortunes of the Allied forces in France are trembling in the balance of Fate, to do anything which would weaken confidence or sow the seeds of mistrust. But it is just because I know exactly to what extent the Thing—the loathly and indescribable Thing—has in the past tended to cripple our activities and weaken our powers, that I have come out in bold denunciation of the practisers of these hidden vices—men and women now known colloquially as of "the 47,000."

Polluting Our Youth.

Now, I have known for a long time that the Germans have been behind these social and sexual depravities. There is evidence full and sufficient to convict the enemy of a settled scheme to undermine our *moral* by these habits. And when I tell you that in the years immediately preceding the war certain German tutors in our public schools distributed among the young boys, who to-day are the fighting lads of the trenches, dirty and disgusting books palliating and, indeed, extolling certain vile practices, you can understand all that I have in view when I declare I am out to kill the enemy *and* all the foul things for which he stands responsible. Remember this, that while we in clean England decry and denounce these things and render the male culprits amenable to the criminal-law, in vile and filthy Germany they have for years been agitating to remove them from the code of offences and to place them on the safe pinnacle of natural practices. Berlin is the cesspool of Europe. There was a time when Paris was regarded by the ignorant as the one and only "gay" city. But Paris is a heaven of purity compared with the bestial condition of Berlin, where everything that is vile and of ill repute has been fostered, and under the name of *kultur* most horrible practices have been encouraged. In times past, decent Germans—for there *were* a few of them before the war—tried to stamp out the Thing. There was a Chief Constable of Berlin who got together a secret intelligence *dossier*—it was called the Book of the Ten Thousand—recording the names of the vicious and degenerate. He was startled at the result; it incorporated the highest in the land. He unearthed a scandal which appalled him—and in the end he committed suicide! Now I am not going to suggest that English Society is tainted to anything like the same extent. But prevention is better than cure, and I want the Government and the police to act with courage and with vigour whenever there is sufficient evidence on which to institute a prosecution. There are already welcome signs that the authorities have been roused by recent events to a realisation of their responsibilities. The more activity they display in crushing these blackbeetles of our social system—these foul and unlovely things that pollute the atmosphere of the nation's life and breed suspicion of the most innocent acts—the more the honest sentiment of the nation will be gratified.

Truth Will Prevail.

I need not go into details—although I am not yet convinced that it is a criminal offence to call a spade a spade; but those who understand the evil influences that operate to-day will realise what I mean when I plead that unnatural women, like vicious men, should be brought within the ambit of the law. Problems of the greatest importance are involved in these grievously degrading practices. We must preserve the sanctity of motherhood; the time is coming when we shall need to rally all that is best and pure in the men of the Empire for the preservation and perpetuation of our virile race. Now, I am the very last to invoke the deterrent of the Courts wherever it is possible to exercise influence through a healthy public opinion, yet I say with all frankness that it may be necessary so to alter the law as to render it possible to pillory these lewd and unsexed creatures, and bring to the bar of Justice these feminine vampires. While I have done my best to touch upon these unsavoury subjects with as light a hand as possible, and have been careful to say or hint at nothing which can pander to the purient or the morbidly minded, I am not to be deterred by hints of "reprisals"—from whatever quarter they may come. The truth *will* prevail; you cannot suppress it, and although some weak and misguided persons may think it is the right thing to hide up this cancer in our social life, to cover it over with the cloak of complacent conventionality, that is not my way. I am for cutting it out; going deep down to the roots and eradicating it entirely. I quite realise that our unscrupulous foe, just as he has used cholera germs as a weapon of war and has tried to inoculate us with his poisonous vices, is now ready to point at us the finger of scorn, and because of recent revelations to pretend that it is London, and not Berlin—English, and not Potsdam—society which is a sink of sexual iniquity. But I would rather risk the good opinion of the Neutral—with whom, frankly, I have in these war-times little concern and less patience—than the fair repute of our nation. *I* know that at heart that nation is as pure as any in the world, and I am determined to do my part in preventing anything like pollution extending beyond the miserable and degraded *coteries* where it is to be found to-day. If my readers could know of the frantic efforts which have been made in the last week or two to hide up the truth and to suppress the unmasking of these vices, they would understand what good and cleansing work has already been accomplished. The risk of exposure is the beginning of "virtue"—or, rather, of that kind of wholesome dread which induces good behaviour. I know the blackbeetles are scared, and are scuttling; and I should like to be certain that the authorities are on the pounce—that the heel of the law is ready to crush out this vile Thing. It is useless to tell me that the fear is that Germany may do this or that—make use of the revelations, and the prosecutions which would follow them, to blacken us in the eyes of the world. We concern ourselves far too much with what Germany may do or say. And in this connection, but altogether dissociated from the unsavoury topic I have been forced to discuss, I must deal with a very glaring instance of official "tenderness," which seems to me nothing but criminal ignorance and weakness.

Official "Tenderness."

I say at once that no "authority" will stop the publication of anything in this journal I may consider for the public good. There are many directions in which the mysterious influence of the Hidden Hand is capable of playing the game of Germany. Let me give a remarkable case which has come to my knowledge. It will be remembered that recently Mr. Ernest Pyke, a well-known London citizen, wrote a series of articles for the *Daily Mail* on the internal condition of Germany—where he had been a prisoner, at the Ruhleben Camp, for three and a half years, his duties as Kitchen Inspector, however, taking him to Berlin every week. Those articles Mr. Pyke was proposing to reprint in book form, under the title of "Desperate Germany," and in due course arrangements were made with an eminent firm of publishers, Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, to publish the book. And now I think I'll let certain letters tell the story of how, at the last moment, under the most ridiculous pretext ever invented, the Press Bureau, at the instance of Lord Newton, stepped in and stopped the book. The first intimation came from Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, who wrote: "At the most earnest request of the Official Press Bureau and of Lord Newton, we have agreed not to publish this book either in Great Britain or the United States of America." And this is what Lord Newton wrote to the firm—through his Secretary:—

> I am directed by Lord Newton to state that he understands that you are contemplating the publication in the near future of a book by Mr. Ernest Lionel Pyke, a British subject recently repatriated from Ruhleben, entitled "Desperate Germany." I am to state that the publication in the daily press of a series of articles by Mr. Pyke on present conditions in Germany, has already had a serious

THE "47,000."

...ale—Official Tenderness for Hun Sentiment.

...DITOR.

effect on the position of the British civilians still remaining at Ruhleben, and the publication of further material from Mr. Pyke's pen must, in Lord Newton's opinion, result in a further aggravation of their position. I am to add that an urgent appeal has been received from the prisoners at Ruhleben, asking that in their interests the publication of Mr. Pyke's book may not be proceeded with, and in the circumstances I am to express Lord Newton's earnest hope that you will be prepared to accede to his request that the publication may be suspended.

And, in the same way, the Press Bureau wrote :—

With reference to the interview we had with you yesterday and in confirmation of the statement we then made, we now inform you that, in consequence of authoritative representations made to us of the prejudicial effect which the publication of "Desperate Germany" in book form may have on the treatment of British prisoners at Ruhleben and in other camps of British prisoners, we must withdraw the permission granted to you on the 29th April, and we again express the hope that you will refrain from publishing the book at the present time.

Well, on receipt of these letters Mr. Pyke had an interview with Lord Newton, and here is his account of it :—"He said that he regretted that, in face of what Germany had said, he was unable to approve of publication. I asked whether he would allow Germany to dictate to England what they should do, and I said : '*If I were in your position, Lord Newton, I should reply that we had 30,000 interned Germans in England and 13,000 uninterned, and that we were also in a position to take reprisals.*' He said : '*Don't you think there is enough hatred between England and Germany already ?*' and I said : 'Not half enough for my liking.' I also told him that I had no kick coming about being interned. I think Germany acted quite rightly in interning us, but what disgusted me and disgusted my repatriated fellow-countrymen was to see the number of Germans who have never been interned and are enjoying all the liberty and freedom of British subjects. During the whole of my internment, extending over a period of three years and eight months, all I received from the German Government was a dirty blanket, a towel, a china bowl, and a straw sack—and when I hear how the German prisoners are treated over here my blood boils." And well it may. Just think what it all means: Germany has merely to compel civilian or other prisoners to "protest" against any particular publication in this country—and it is to be thereupon suppressed! Of course, that request from Ruhleben was mere camouflage. As a correspondent who knows the facts puts it: "At the Press Bureau they have told us that, in consequence of the *Mail* articles, the Germans have withdrawn permission for prisoners to go outside the camp, or for the Kitchen Inspector to go into Berlin. As to the first, I should imagine that the conditions outside the camp are now so bad that the Germans could not afford any longer to let our prisoners see them, and that they would have been obliged to keep them in the camp whether the articles had appeared or not. As for the second point—the withdrawal of the privilege for the Kitchen Inspector to visit Berlin—this now means practically nothing one way or the other, as there would be scarcely anything to buy now in Berlin, even if an Inspector could go in." A nice state of things, when Germany is to dictate our propaganda policy and our home authorities are to acquiesce! Can you wonder that people suspect the Hidden Hand?

Poisonous and Pernicious.

Now, a member of the Government can assume this preposterous and in my view wholly unpatriotic, attitude in regard to an important and illuminating book on the internal condition of Germany! Yet, at the same time, the authorities are content to allow the most pernicious "literature" to be disseminated in our midst. The other day I bought a penny publication at a well-known shop in the West End of London, where all the most pernicious anti-war stuff is to be had on application. I won't give the name of this infamous print, but I will give you some idea of the wicked intention of what I suppose must be called its leading article. It is entitled "An Appeal to Young Conscripts," and it is nothing less than an attempt to foment a revolt in the ranks of the Army. In spite of all the evidence of the brutal and bestial character of the Hun soldier, our "Boys"—that is the term of address—are urged not to fight against the scum of Europe. The function of the army, they are told, is not a noble one—they are exhorted to take no part in killing the foe; and by cruel suggestion that the Army may be used against the working classes, poison is poured into the ears of the Young Conscripts. "Are you sure you will never be called upon to shoot down the people of your own country? Are you aware that the main reason for a standing army is to keep the workers of the world in subjection?" And so on, with a string of anarchist lies and anti-British sentiments, until in the end the reader is asked to introduce "this little paper to other boy Conscripts," and to assist in the work of "trying to build up under the army a Socialist League." There is a good deal more I could quote, including a spiteful attack on Mr. Cann, the Secretary of the Durham Miners' Association, for issuing a circular in praise of the Boy Scouts. But I have sufficiently indicated the vicious purpose of this print. We have a Censor who is ready to pounce on patriotic writers on the least provocation, and who allows the law to be flouted and the public conscience in these hours of peril to be outraged by such attempts to undermine the *moral* of our fighting boys and their families and friends at home.

A Day of Reckoning.

We have before our eyes the awful example of Russia and proof of the terrible consequences of allowing this form of poison to enter the veins of men. I am all for freedom of speech—and of print, too; but this is not freedom—this is anarchy; and I marvel at the state of the official mind which will deliberately prevent the publication of a book like that of Mr. Pyke, and yet will look idly on while this kind of traitorous stuff is sold in the open market. To-day we are called upon to stand up against the superior numbers of the German Army because the enemy, aided by the traitors of Petrograd, first sowed the seed of revolution and then reaped the crop. There is a great reckoning to come when our statesmen, who were blind to the course of events and deaf to the warnings of the Russian danger, are made to account for their false stewardship. But at least it could be pleaded that Russia's affairs were in her own keeping—that her destiny was of her own choosing. That kind of specious plea will not avail when we find the Government allowing the British Bolshevics to foment anarchy and propagate vice throughout the land. If ever there was a struggle into which every British lad should enter with clean hands, surely it is this.

That League of Hate!

The enemy against whom we are battling is as unscrupulous as he is immoral. Neither the soul nor the body is free from his defiling influences. I have shown how, in the days before the war, he tried to pollute our manhood and besmirch our womanhood. Fortunately, the extent of his bestial schemes is known, and those who have come under their influence now realise that they are suspect. But we should take no risks, either now or in the future. Every day we see how the Hun—as "alien enemy" or naturalised "friend," who is allowed freedom among us—defies our laws and works for our undoing. The time has surely come when the nation must force the Government to take a strong and decisive line. Too long have we dangled with danger, and toyed with the treasonable. Our naturalisation laws are a scandal; our softness towards the creatures who are our sworn foes is a shame and an infamous insult to those gallant sons of ours lingering in German prisons. The country is roused on this subject to a point that brooks no more fooling. Men like Lord Newton, with their callous disregard of public feeling and their cynical indifference to conditions in Germany, are a menace to the stability of Mr. Lloyd George's Government, and should be sent about their business. We want men who loathe and despise the Hun. Yes, we *must* have that League of Hate!

HEARD IN THE TRAIN.

"PIGS IN CLOVER."

Working Man (*forcing his way into an already overcrowded third-class compartment*): 'Ere, shove up a bit. Carn't yer make room fur one more?

Elderly Swell: What do you want to come butting in here for? Can't you see this compartment is—— Ow! That was my foot, confound you! I protest! Where's the guard?

Working Man: Don't git rorty, guv'ner. You ain't the on'y one wot prertests. *I* prertest against 'avin' to stand up with four others in a third smoker. But I've gotter, all the same. Awsked the guard to find me a seat. Sed 'e 'adn't got one fur 'isself, let alone me. I tell yer wot it is, gents—since the Guv'ment took 'em over, the railways is rotten. They charge yer fifty per cent. extra for yer fare, and w'en you've paid it, you 'as to take a stand-up sit-down. It ain't no good a Britisher expecting decent treatment at 'ome nowadays. You wanter be a uninterned alien, or (wot's better) a 'Un prisoner.

Soldier: Or a dirty Conchie.

Working Man: You're right there, laddie. But it's the way we treats these stinkin' 'Un prisoners wot gits my rag out worst. Conchies 'ave a pretty good time, I b'lieve, but they ain't slobbered over like our 'Un prisoners. Tell yer wot I sore at King's Crorss jest nah. There was some blighted 'Un orficer prisoners jest arrived. They druv up as large as life in moter-cars driv by English gals, larfin' an' jokin' jest as if they was on a joy-ride. *Driv by English gals*, I tell yer. *Thet's* wot some of our wimmin 'ave come down to—drivin' German swine about in moter-cars—filthy 'ounds wot'ud stick at nuthink if they got the chornce. If I caught a gal o' mine doin' a thing like thet, I'd smack 'er bare arm if she was forty.

Elderly Swell: Perhaps the girls were merely obeying orders. W.A.A.C.s, I presume

Working Man: Orders or no orders, if I was a W.A.A.C. I'd see my C.O. in Hades before I'd lower meself to drive German toe-rags about in moter-cars. Our wimmin an' gals ought not to be brought in contact with the vermin, and the orficers responsible for it oughter be 'ounded outer the Army! You carn't touch pitch without some of it stickin', an' you carn't git near a German without stinkin' fur a bit, unless you git close to 'im with a bay'nit.

Soldier: That's a fact.

Working Man: But thet ain't all. Wot jer think these German scum 'ad with 'em? Why, wicker easy chairs, deck chairs, tennis racquets, and all sorts o' things to make 'em 'appy an' comferble. They might 'ave bin young English gents goin' back to college fur all the bloomin' luxyries they 'ad.

Elderly Swell: A conference is now being held in Holland between German and English representatives on the subject of the treatment of prisoners of war.

Working Man: Rot! Wot's the good o' thet? The on'y way to git decent treatment for our chaps is to treat German prisoners in England the same as they treats ours, and a bit worse. You wouldn't stop to argue with a sewer-rat or a snake if yer met one, would yer? You'd put yer 'eel on it fust, and tork arfter. And 'ere am I standin' up in a third-clawss carriage, arfter payin' fare and a 'arf, an' the charnces are some bloomin' blood-stained 'Uns are leanin' back at their ease in a "first" 'igher up the train. It's enough to make a bloke curse 'is gran'mother! . . . Gittin' out 'ere, mate? Then I'll take yer seat, if nobody else will. . . .

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"Dumfries and Galloway Standard and Advertiser" (advertisement):—
"Rev. William Jamieson, Castle-Douglas, will conduct the Service on Sunday at 12 o'clock and PREACH THE CHURCH VACANT."

"Zululand Times":—
"We are pleased to see Mr. J. Dewar's CHERRY face again at the Goods shed."

"Birmingham News" (recipe):—
"Stock made from WATER IN WHICH WATER HAS BEEN BOILED, ½ pint."

"Fife Free Press" (advertisement):—
"For sale . . . 1 CIRCLE Table, OCTAGONAL."

"North Star" (Darlington):—
"Died of wounds received in action, —— ——, beloved husband of —— ——. Deeply mourned by his loving wife. 'PEACE, PERFECT PEACE, TILL WE MEET AGAIN.'"

"Montreal Daily Star" (advertisement):—
"Two large front rooms, modern, private family. Apply AFTER 6 YEARS."

Lincolnshire Evening Echo" (advertisement):—
"Jesse Marshall will show some GRAND CALVES at the Queen Hotel."

"Sheffield Daily Telegraph" (advertisement):—
"Two Dwelling-Houses, with outshot scullerics and W.C.s, ONE OF WHICH IS USED AS A SALESHOP."

"Carnoustie Gazette" (short story):—
"He turned to the butler, whose FACE WAS RUNNING DOWN HIS TEARS."

"Yeovil Leader":—
"The Army was DISMISSED as from August 8th."

WHAT "PELMANISM" IS DOING.

Extraordinary Results.

Pelmanism is enabling *Business men and women* to increase their income-earning capacity by 100 per cent., 200 per cent., and in some cases by even 300 per cent.

"Thanks to the Pelman training I have been transferred, and have made such good progress that my salary is now doubled I proposed, and carried out, a loose-leaf costing system that has been an absolute success. The Pelman System has been my faithful friend," writes a Clerk.

Pelmanism is helping *Professional men and women* to achieve better results with less effort, to enlarge their incomes, to increase their prestige, and to secure rapid advancement.

"I have found the Course particularly useful in my business; it has helped me to advise far more usefully, and to deal with professional work and problems far more efficiently. Altogether I have no hesitation whatever in recommending the Pelman Course as a wonderful tonic to the mind. No one who practises the System perseveringly can possibly fail to receive great benefit," writes a Solicitor.

Pelmanism is proving of the utmost value to *Soldiers and Sailors*, enabling them to develop just those qualities which lead to promotion and forming, in addition, a most fascinating mental recreation.

"As a direct consequence of lesson 2 I have got a step in rank," writes a Lieut.-Colonel.

Pelmanism is helping *Schoolmasters, Teachers, University and other Students* enormously in their educational work

"My memory is greatly improved, but far beyond that is the inspiration infused into my flagging energies. I am situated in a very lonely district, without one friend to associate with intellectually, and the strain was beginning to tell. Your lessons woke new aspirations, and I am now taking up new work, and feel intellectually quite another being," writes a Headmaster.

Pelmanism is proving of the greatest assistance to thousands of *women-workers*, many of whom are now in business for the first time.

"I enjoyed the Course immensely, the lessons were so interesting, and anyone who conscientiously follows the instructions cannot fail to benefit. I am only sorry I did not take the Course sooner," writes a Saleswoman.

Pelmanism is enabling many people *to learn Foreign Languages* in one-half to one-quarter the usual time.

"By a judicious use of the rules given in lesson 4 I have been enabled to learn (without any extraordinary effort) during the past week as much French (grammar and vocabulary) as would have taken a month's hard work to learn previously," writes a Student.

Pelmanism is helping people to become *fluent public speakers* and to dispense with notes in lectures and sermons.

"It is now 12 months since I used a note of any kind in public speaking. I hardly dared to believe that I could so completely abandon them. I thought that for special occasions I should fall back on notes, but this is not so. This is a great satisfaction to me," writes a Clergyman.

Pelmanism is helping men and women *to avoid mistakes and errors of judgment.*

"You may be interested to know that lesson 2 has been the means of saving me from pursuing a certain course in business which would have proved disastrous. The teachings of lesson 2 pointed out to me that I would make a grievous error did I follow out the plan I had in view," writes a Business man.

Pelmanism is widening the mental horizons of thousands of men and women, and *driving out* all those factors which make for *mental fatigue, inertia and stagnation.*

"The Course has prevented me becoming slack and stagnating during my Army life—this is a most virulent danger, I may add. It inculcates a clear, thorough, courageous method of playing the game of life—admirably suited to the English temperament, and should prove moral salvation to many a business man. 'Success,' too, would follow, but I consider this as secondary," writes a Soldier.

WOUNDED OFFICERS "PELMANISING."

There must be some thousands of wounded officers and men throughout the country who are studying "Pelmanism" whilst in hospital, and these speak of the "little grey books" with real affection, not only as a source of present interest and pleasure, but also as a definite assurance of a more certain future.

Indeed, quite apart from any other advantage, the Course is well worth ten times the time and money simply for the stimulus it gives. The "little grey books" fill one with a new sense of power, a new and greater belief in possibility.

It is not, however, merely a question of gain that makes "Pelmanism" so desirable a training. Great as its achievements are in these directions, they are altogether transcended by the extent to which the System enables one to add to the interest and pleasure of existence.

Write to-day for "Mind and Memory" gratis and post free—which gives a full description of Pelmanism, what it is doing, and what it will do *for you.* It will be sent you by return, together with a copy of *Truth's* famous report on the work of the Pelman Institute. Send a postcard to-day to the Pelman Institute, 15, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C. 1, and the above will be despatched to you by return—*FREE.*

Overseas Addresses: 46, Market Street, Melbourne; 15, Toronto Street, Toronto; Club Arcade, Durban.

"TOMMY AND JACK."

Dealing also with the Discharged Sailor and Soldier and their Dependents.

OUR PLEDGE: "No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—*Horatio Bottomley*, 10th August, 1916.

"TOMMY."

A "Fishy" Affair:—The Canadians at Seaford complain to us concerning the quality of the fish served out to them; and we suggest that the Officer in Charge of catering should look into the matter. Unlike game, fish is better when it is not high.

The Hero's Reward:—An officer, gazetted out on account of pleurisy contracted through sleeping in a wet tent, had to remain in a military hospital for some weeks after his discharge from the Army. He was followed by a bill for £12 18s. hospital expenses. Unfortunately, he cannot sue the Crown, as officers do not come within the scope of the Workmen's Compensation Act.

Why it is Done:—We recently criticised the attitude of a sub. who strolled around camp, followed by an N.C.O., angling for salutes and reporting delinquents. Since then we have been in various other camps, where the same system is in vogue. Several of the subalterns concerned assure us that the duty is hateful to them as officers and gentlemen; but they are told off for this sneakish police work by their Commanding Officers.

Called Back:—A number of men of the Royal Air Force who were some time ago finally discharged have been called back—the notice of recall reading: "I am informed that you have been previously surveyed at R. N. Hospital, Chatham, but the proceedings have been found to be irregular, and it is necessary for you to return here to be re-Boarded." We wonder who has blundered.

Daylight Saving:—Now that we have the chcery, sunshiny weather, it is not playing the game to patients to order them back in hospital by 6 p.m., and in bed while the sun is streaming through the ward windows and the birds are still singing. After all, the poor maimed, wounded and sickly fellows who have been through the thick of the fight should be accorded *some* pleasure. The complaints we receive from hospitals and Command Depot men are that they are treated almost like our men in Germany.

Isn't it Funny?:—Most of the patients of the 2/1 Southern General Hospital, at Dudley Road, Birmingham, are old soldiers who might train platoons. Nevertheless, this Order was issued the other day: "All patients in possession of a Pass will parade at the gate house at 1.50, to receive instructions in saluting. Patients who are late, or do not attend the parade, will forfeit a portion of their time on Pass, or their Pass altogether. Signed: W. Martin, Captain, R.A.M.C., Registrar for Administration." Is it not quaint?

Still at It:—There seems to be a curse upon the bookkeeping of our recruiting offices. Men who have been permanently discharged, men who are now in the Army, and other poor fellows who have laid down their lives for their country, are still being called up to join the Service, the penalty of not complying being a threat of the police or an escort. The latest that has come under our observation is a notification from Lincoln, telling a man that he is required to attend at the hospital for a Medical Board, with a view to rejoining, and asking him to fetch his registration card. The poor fellow, unfortunately, had some days before gone down during the Big Push.

"JACK."

An Injustice:—Stokers who have finished five years' service in the Navy, and are carrying on in the Royal Fleet Reserve, are still ordinary stokers, while men with two years' service are made leading stokers. This is not the way to create loyalty in the Service.

The Woes of an Oil Tank:—The Mercantile Marine crew of one of H.M. Oil Tanks, at present in the Thames, have many grievances which they have laid bare to us. They say they are treated like dogs; and that owing to leave being generally refused, some of the hands have deserted. When they came to us their pay was eleven days overdue, because the Captain was at his home ill and had the keys of the safe—possibly in his trousers pocket! Their letters, too, are censored by a man who has no rank or rating! On the whole, the condition of the ship would make a fine chapter in a Marryat novel.

"THE SILVER BADGERS."

Glass-Blowers:—Edmonton was in the right when it objected to the employment in glass-blowing of German and Austrian prisoners, paid wages at trade-union rates. Glass-blowing should be taught to our own discharged men, to keep the Huns out of an industry which they have almost ruined for Britons. The policy of letting them crawl back into it as prisoners is a wicked one, and needs to be throttled.

One Man's Error:—Let us take prompt exception to the statement of the Manager of the Walthamstow trams that "a man discharged from the army as unfit is physically incapable of standing the strain and exposure of a motor-man's life." It is pure bunkum, proved so by the very many discharged men already driving the cars fitly and finely. In any case, the men must not be done out of that employment on the unsupported opinion of this one Manager.

Badged Officers, Too:—The badged officers are in the same boat as the men, where employment is concerned. An invalided subaltern, with splendid testimonials, has been on the books of the Labour Exchange at Edinburgh for a considerable time without succeeding in obtaining work. He tells us that most situations in the South of Scotland are given to exempted men—in one particular instance, which occurred the other day, a lady was appointed Secretary to a Pensions Committee, she being the wife of an exempted landowner with influential family backing. A secretary, who is an exempted lawyer, was also appointed to the local Food Committee recently. Evidently, kissing goes by favour in Scotland.

A Turned-Down Hero:—Dameliington is now famous for something more than the £500,000 aerodrome fiasco of Loch Doon. A collier who volunteered for service in the first rush to the war, came back a complete wreck. He was put on work too hard for him to do, and he had to give it up. There was a checkweighman's job going, and the wage and his pension together would have kept this young man and his parents in comparative comfort. He applied for the situation, but, so our information goes, "the miners of Pennybennie gave it, on ballot, to another man already getting 9s. a day; and the hero was left to walk the streets." If the colliery owners had treated the war-wrecked soldier in this shabby, shameful way, what an outcry the miners would have raised!

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(Registered under the Act of 1916 as "The John Bull War Sufferers' Fund.")

This fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.

Among the numerous cases we assisted during the week were the following:—

Permanently Invalided:—An A.S.C. man received his discharge as medically unfit. He purchased a small business and carried on for a very short time, when he was attacked with hemorrhage. Other disorders have since developed, and in consequence his wife, who has had to close the shop, has no other means of adding to the pension, which is inadequate for the cost of his illness.

Behind with the Rent:—Except for this fact another brave little woman could carry on, although the income she is receiving is all too small to supply every-day needs. Her husband met with an accident and is being nursed by her. In addition she has three small children to tend, so her hands are tied as far as outside work is concerned. She was very grateful for the assistance we offered.

Practically Starving:—A discharged A.S.C. man has been in very poor health for a considerable time. He obtains free medical treatment, but the sole income for the family of four is his pension of 13s. 8d. a week. They were existing in a state bordering upon starvation.

Many Like This:—A soldier's widow has had to part with her only son, who was her former support. Since the lad's enlistment, the poor woman has been compelled to stint herself, and in consequence of this and the anxiety of her son's absence, she has had to place herself under medical treatment—for which she could not pay.

A Lift by the Way:—A widow recently nursed her husband during a long and tedious illness, meanwhile exhausting her savings. She is left with seven children to support, and tells us that she is striving hard to keep them at home with her, by working at her trade, for which purpose she required money to buy stock.

Some Further Cases:—

Home about to be sold up to pay many debts that have accumulated through sickness and death in the family.

Discharged soldier, unable to do much work owing to loss of one of his hands. Six children; one of them delicate.

Husband away in Palestine; wife very ill after nursing son who has had long illness. Debts on hand.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

T. and P. (Dunston), £5; Mrs. L. W. B. (Suffolk), 10s.; W. H. B. (Biddings), 1s.; "Thankoffering" (St. Albans), 2s. 6d.; "An English Nurse," 6d.; D. H. (Barnsbury), 2s.; G. W. D. (Leeds), 2s. 6d.; M. C. H. (Streatham), 1s.; "Fargo," 1s.; Mrs. F. (Clapham), 2s.; F. H. (Gt. Yarmouth), £2; "Hamish" (Alexandria), 5s.; J. E. C., 9d.; "One or Two," 3s.; G. M. (Mountain Ash), 2s.; C. O. (Hanley), 3s.; H. J. A., £1 1s.; "Mavis," 1s.; Miss N. S. (per Incoto, Ltd.), £5 5s.; C. N. H. (H.S.S. *Dalhousie*), 10s.; "K.A.T.I.O.N." 10s.; "Pit Ponies," £1; W. G. S., 1s.; A. M. (B.E.F.), 4s. 6d.; M. J. M. (Manchester), 6d.; Mrs. E. B. (Gt. Malvern), 5s.; Mrs. F. G. (Hampstead), 2s.; J. R. (Mansfield), £1; R. C. (Hull), 2s. 6d.; J. W., 2s. 6d.; "Cheshiregwalo," £3; N. M. (Scarborough), 1s.; E. T. W. (Plymouth), 8s.; "Gee Kay," 2s. 2d.; A. E. T., 2s. 6d.; D. R. (Artillery), 3s. 6d.; O. S. (Chiswick), 2s. 6d.; "Discharged" (E. Surrey), 1s.; "Die Hard," 1s.; "In Loving Memory of my Dear Son Will," 10s.; "Maple Leaf," 22. 6d.; A. B. (Edmonton), 1s.; E. C. G. (Orkney), 1s.; "S. Ealing Reader," 1s.; M. B. B. (Shepherd's Bush), 2s.; "W.," 10s.; E. P., (B.E.F.), 1s. 9d.; W. G. W. (Cardiff), 3s. 6d.; W. A., 2s. 6d.; Mrs. M. E. W., 3s. 6d.; "Jack Canuck," 10 francs; A. H. W. (Derby), 2s. 6d.; "A Sympathiser" (Fife), 2s.; Mrs. A. (Newcastle), 1s.; C. K., 5 francs; "A Yorkshireman," 5s.; E. A. (Derby), 2s. 9d.; R.A.M.C. (Aldershot), 5s.; F. P. (Bayswater), 2s.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; G. H. F. (Oswestry), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. C. H. (Eastbourne), 2s. 6d.; C. A. (Homerton), 2s.; C. B., 3s.; "A Reader," 2s. 6d.; Gaine Department, V. E. C. Croydon (per F. B. T.), £1 10s.; H. D. S., £1 1s.; "Kat's Eye," 1s.; "Willow Bank," £1; Weekly Collection, C. P. S., Woolwich Arsenal, £1; "M.A.C. Thankful," 2s.; H. W., 2s. 6d.; A. T. R. (Forest Hill), £1 4s.; K. G., 1s.; F. H. H., 6d.; S. E. W., 4s.; Q. L., 6d.; E. N., 2s. 6d.; B. F. T., 1s.; Mrs. B., 1s.; "Soldier's Wife," 6d.; C. W. (Grantham), 1s. 6d.; "X Y. Z.," 4s.; "Arawa," 5s.; A. E., (Hull), 1s. 6d.; A. G. H., 2s.; H. C. (Slough), 6d.; J. C. M. (Nottingham), 1s.; R. E. W., 6d.; J. D. (Edinburgh), 6d.; Mrs. D. B., 2s.; T. W. (Sunderland), 2s. 6d.; J. Y. (B.E.F.), 1s.; B. T., 2s. 6d.; Gunner A. H., 2s. 10d.; F. R., 1s. 10d.; Pte. G., 2s. 4d.; C. H., 1s. 6d.; Cpl. F. H., 1s. 4d.; "From the Boys," 1s. 10d.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 92, Long Acre, W.C. 2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, *or* LEGAL *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, or Legal Editor, and must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. No fee is charged in respect of other inquiries. Full names and addresses should be given.*

"FOUR YEARS' SUBSCRIBER" (I. of Man).—"Is Foch a Germhun, and are we sold to the Huns by him and a few filthy decadent dogs?" Foch (Fosh) is a splendid Frenchman; and please don't abuse dogs.

"CO.-SGT.-MAJOR" (Shoreham) says that Red Cross Motor Ambulances are used to convey unwounded Germhun prisoners from Waterloo Station, while wounded British Tommies, reeling under their kits, have to walk. It makes us feel sick.

L. E. S. (Stowmarket).—"Your life was in no greater danger out on the battlefield than it is now." We mustn't discard our chest-protector.

MRS. D. E. M. (Gainsford).—"'Zepp Down. Crew Rescued by British Destroyer.' Why rescue such damnable vermin?" Ask us an easier one.

PTE. J. (A.I.F.).—All things are possible; but we have no news at present that Fritz is tunnelling the Channel to invade us that way.

D. F. (Bournemouth).—"Thank God, you speak the truth." Well, let's say as much of it as is permissible.

W. H. M. (Shepherd's Bush).—". . . How very much your paper is needed in this so-called free country of ours!" It's freer to the man who was born somewhere else.

"ONE OF CITY OF LIVERPOOL PALS."—Your letter, written in hospital bed after three years in France, touches us. When old dockers like you serve and suffer, young dockers should be ashamed to shirk. Good luck, and get well quickly!

"GIRL BANK CLERK" ("near Town").—"Customers never hardly thank us; and as for a flower or kind thought at Xmas, we never had one." Poor, neglected dears, 'tis an awful life.

"SOLDIER'S WIFE" (Bordon).—It is a hard struggle, dear woman. You "pray for the war to end." So do we all; but for an end in which Right shall win the power and the glory.

"SINN FEINER" (Newry).—Our Parliamentary candidature is at the moment in suspense. Pity you're not.

PTE. C. F. P. (B.E.F.).—"Do they think the boys when they return will work side by side with the dirty Huns who have been allowed to stay in Blighty?" You have been "out there" since 1914, and your answer is No. Ours is *ditto*.

J. H. P. (Ludlow).—A major invented and offered to War Office a new poison gas. It was refused because its use would be "too inhuman." Yet it was only for use against Boches, who are just brute beasts.

R. C. (Hull).—"You cannot realise the absolute It-ness of your article." All our hits are It all the time.

"ADMIRER."—"You said 'Lloyd George must go.'" You're another. We said nothing of the sort.

"WINNIE" (Derby).—Thanks for note of your adventures on Whit Sunday. Afraid you're a saucy girl.

"ONE IN A FUNK-HOLE" (Basingstoke).—As far as we know, housemaids in the W.A.A.C.s do not wear trousers in the strict technical sense of that sartorial term.

GUNNER H. P. (Leyton).—We note the shabby behaviour of the "Pan-German publican." Perhaps "pot-German" would be a better description.

G. G. L. (West Ham).—"I should be pleased to hear your views on the article I sent." Afraid you wouldn't.

"READER" (Babbicombe).—"I thought you would like to know how things are going this way *re* wages." Pretty rotten in the Gas Office, apparently.

E. H. (W. Drayton) very much admires the Seamen's Union for "boycotting the loathsome Hun." So do we.

"A FEW ANZACS" (Monte Video Camp, Weymouth).—Thanks for postcard of Ward 34, depicting the boys reading JOHN BULL. Yours to a cinder!

T. B. (Eltham) suggests it is about time munition workers received the medal "promised to them by the late Lord Kitchener." Better late than never.

G. (E.C.).—The Watling Street firm that pays men up to 30 years' service only 30s. a week deserves to be kicked out of the City. But why do the staff stand it?

A. E. P. (Haymarket).—"I can no longer refrain from writing to you." Pity to surrender after so gallant a resistance.

L.-CPL. R. D., M.M. (Somewhere in France).—Russian by birth, you have fought for Britain and won the Military Medal. A right good Russian, you. But there are thousands here not quite so good, aren't there?

"CONSTANT READER." — Palmerston House, Old Broad Street, is the address of the Government Air Raid Insurance Department, although we think it very unlikely you will get a grant from it. It is difficult enough for those who have paid premiums to obtain anything.

C. L. E. (Bournemouth).—A Bournemouth woman has been "living" on a parish allowance of 2s. a week. No wonder the Corporation can spend £45,000 on Offices and Medicinal Baths for the rich.

Z. A. (Mount Pleasant, E.C.).—Being a British subject and having fought for your country, you can afford to laugh at the ignorant and impertinent stationmaster who told you to "go back to your own country" when refusing you shelter during an air-raid.

A. E. L. (R. Gambia).—"Why is butter exported from Liverpool to the West Coast of Africa?" For niggers to grease their skins with.

"NAMELESS, EIGHTEEN" (Blackheath).—Because you are a "nameless girl," your life is a misery? Never think people "despise" you for your parents' error. You are as good as anybody else. Don't brood. Cheer up and smile.

"SCENERY" (B.E.F.).—How many more times are we going to be asked whether pit ponies are employed down coal mines? The answer, unfortunately, is Yes! A young brute of a miner was imprisoned only the other day for half tearing out the tongue of one.

MRS. M. H. (Birmingham).—". . . I also read about the full military funeral with band for the Germhun who played such barbarous havoc in London." Nauseous chivalry.

W. S. (Calicut).—The best employment we can suggest to a young University Indian, "23 and good constitution," is enlistment for the period of the war.

T. M. (Nottingham).—You mustn't believe everything "overheard in a barber's shop." Probably your talkative friend was getting his hair off.

A. D. (Catford).—"Send your troubles to JOHN BULL, the weekly paper that scoops the pool." Ring off!

F. J. (Bicester).—Compliments to Chinese labourers at Bicester, and hope they won't hurt themselves by hurrying.

A. H. (Winchester).—You have certainly been badly treated by your "small butcher." Beats us how any butcher could be so small.

J. M. (Bridlington).—We should certainly have thought Councillor Harker, Military Representative and Chairman of Entertainments Committee, could have found a discharged soldier to fill the post of box-office attendant at the Corporation Cinema.

A. B. (Hereford).—No space; but what's the good of arguing with a policeman, especially a female policeman?

C. R. S. (Hazel Grove).—". . . And Kaiser Bill, won't he be ill, When Pat takes all Allies, To Berlin Town, of base renown, To give them their surprise." Oh, let it be soon!

"READER" (E. Ham).—"I belong to the Co-op., and cannot understand why the Co-op. should pay income-tax." In words of Solomon, "get wisdom: and with all thy getting, get understanding."

"TWO WAR-WORN W.A.A.C.s" (Salisbury).—You "often see pillows wet with tears." Cheer up! Even the war won't last for ever.

"SERGEANT" (R.M.L.I.).—Somehow we don't like a man who gives his brother away. We consider it shows a bad, vindictive spirit.

"FARMER" (Crawshawbooth). — "The Food Controller has fixed the wholesale price of milk at 1s. per gallon, and the retailers are selling it at 1s. 10d. per gallon." Looks as if the baby will have to be weaned on Government ale.

O. B. G.—"Enclosed is sample of bread on which German prisoners are fed at a Surrey camp." The bread is quite white. What a blessing to be a quodded Hun!

"READER" (Mile End).—"Please inform me address of Potts, clockmaker, of Leeds, and oblige." Certainly:—Potts, Clockmaker, Leeds.

"TWO SAILORS" (Liverpool).—"The attendant, a Swede, does nothing but tell British sailors to get out. Could you not do anything?" If we were a British sailor on the spot, we *could*.

PTE. A. W. WILDGOOSE (Labour Co., France) writes to say that he is no connection with E. Wildgoose, who sued his own mother at Bristol.

W. C. D. (London, E.C.).—"I am raising no objection to the increased price of season-tickets." But you propose the cancelling of long distance season-tickets for all but men of 65 and upwards. You must have a twist in your thinking-tackle.

"SANATORIUM PATIENT" (Bovey Tracey) protests against Conchies being allowed to go free after 12 months' detention on "good conduct" shown. "Are we at war?" he asks. So it is rumoured.

N. W. (Reading).—Of course, all domestic servants are not war-work dodgers. Do the work you are fitted for, with your heart, and your best is done.

"REX" (Ashburton).—You and your friend are at liberty to send your "Bullets" coupons in the same envelope.

A. E. O. (Morley).—"Like your worthy self, I have the gift of the gab." Perhaps you are our twin soul.

E. U. (Hanwell).—"If God is punishing us as a nation, when is He going to begin on the Hun?" Ask the Archbishop of York.

A. S. P. (Plymouth).—You have noticed an enamel sign on a building in Union Street, Plymouth, with the words, "Write to JOHN BULL about it." We have ourselves seen something of the sort somewhere. Perhaps it's a new advertising "stunt."

H. B. (Salisbury).—We have no objection to the coffins of dead Hun air raiders being covered with the German flag. It is a filthy rag, stained with every imaginable and unimaginable crime, and is a fitting cover for carrion.

J. W. S. (Harringay).—Cannot imagine what the naval officers were doing with a motor-scooter. Pity you didn't touch your hat and ask them.

E. C. T. (Llandaff).—"No flag waved over Llandaff Cathedral on Empire Day." Why didn't the congregation tickle the walls to arouse the Dean and Chapter?

A. E. B. (Dovercourt).—Can't say why prices at Dovercourt are "from 25 per cent. to 200 per cent. dearer" than at Bournemouth, unless more profiteering parasites have settled there.

H. O. H. (Southsea), re men of 50, we agree it is preposterous "to ruin a useful citizen to make a useless soldier."

W. C. (Kennington, Kent).—"Life at the Front is like a hundred air raids rolled into one and carried on day and night." A graphic description.

"BUFFS" (Porthcawl).—"The pink shift Cardiff munition girls give all the wounded boys a good time, anyway." Good girls!

"MANCHESTER."—Your letter concerning Cadets at Reading most interesting. Let's have authenticated particulars.

H. C. (Waterloo).—Many thanks for copy of "J.B." dated September 6th, 1918, containing poem, "The German Invasion." Yes, we do look a bit ahead—that's our business.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

"JOHN BULL" PENS.

NO EXTRA POSTAGE.

In view of the fact that postage on letters has been increased by ½d., and in order that Readers applying for a "JOHN BULL" Pen should not be put to this extra expense, we have reduced the charge for postage on pens from 2d. to 1½d.

"JOHN BULL" Pen Coupon. Value 2d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2s. and 1½d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 6 from "John Bull" from this date may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. Thus, you may send 7 coupons, and P.O. for 2s. only, and 1½d. stamps for postage.

DE LUXE MODEL, 1s. Extra.

Address, Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (June 22nd, 1918.)

P.O.'s should be made payable to John Bull, Ltd., and crossed & Co.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium or Broad Nib

COMPANY MEETINGS.

LIPTON, LIMITED.

RESULTS CONSTITUTE A NEW RECORD:

FINANCIAL POSITION STRENGTHENED.

The twentieth ordinary general meeting of Lipton, Ltd., was held on the 13th inst., at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, E.C., Sir Thomas J. Lipton, Bart, K.C.V.O. (Chairman of the company), presiding.

At the request of the Chairman, Mr. C. Williamson Milne, deputy chairman, surveyed the accounts in detail, and explained that the balance of profit, £374,043, was a new record for Lipton, Ltd., and showed an increase of £115,513 over last year's record of £258,530. Stocks at cost or under, amounting to over one million, were down £156,292 on the previous year, but still exceeding the 1916 figure by a quarter million sterling.

Investments (including £129,000 War Bonds and War Loan) and cash together amounted to £318,983, an increase of £80,000, whilst amounts owing to creditors were less by £81,726. The financial position had thus been materially strengthened, notwithstanding the substantial sum required for the proposed dividend.

Sir Thomas Lipton then stated that the larger sales had resulted from selling goods of the highest quality at the lowest prices, thus confirming their policy, which, in spite of the actual percentage of profit being lower, had, by the greater turnover, substantially increased the earnings.

He testified to the splendid work done by the managing directors, Mr. H. L. Peters and Mr. J. Frank Gregory, who had not spared themselves, and whose example had permeated the entire staff at home and abroad.

The effect of the prohibition of exports had been more than compensated by the expansion of the Eastern trade. A café restaurant and tea gardens had been opened in Cairo, and excellent business was being done in the new branch at Jerusalem, whilst premises were being taken in Jaffa, with every prospect of successful results.

Sir Thomas added that the maintenance of the Ceylon Estates had received the same care and attention as hitherto, though, in accordance with the general experience, crops were less satisfactory and prices lower.

He then paid a tribute of admiration and respect to those employees who had given their lives for their country. A larger number were now serving in the Forces, and many had earned distinction on the field.

Referring to the large number of lady employees, Sir Thomas, in passing, paid a compliment to the work accomplished by women in the National Service at home and in the fighting areas.

As to future prospects, he was a bold man who would attempt to prophesy. Their watchword for the future, as in the past, would be "Quality," and the name of Lipton as a guarantee of quality never stood higher than to-day.

Sir Thomas, dealing with the divisible profit, after placing £100,000 to general reserve account, viz., £245,949, moved that £25,000 be placed to war contingencies reserve, £15,000 to pension fund, that a dividend of 8½ per cent. be paid on the ordinary shares, making 12½ per cent. for the year, and absorbing £106,250, and that the increased balance of £74,699 be carried forward.

Mr. H. L. Peters (managing director) said: It affords me much pleasure to second the resolution which has been just moved. Our Chairman has been able to place before you so satisfactory a state of affairs that I feel it is scarcely necessary to add anything to what he has told you, but I should like to point out that the good showing we are able to make is, in a great measure, due to the advice and guidance both my colleague Mr. Gregory and myself have received from Sir Thomas Lipton, who has been in constant attendance during the whole year at our head office and always ready to help us with his unique experience and far-seeing suggestions. (Applause.) The year that has passed since I last had the honour of addressing you has had its full measure of difficulties, not the least of which has been the constant changes in the conditions of the numerous trades in which we are interested, involving much extra work, but with the hearty co-operation of all grades of our staff we have not only been able to "carry on," but what is more, we have kept the Lipton flag flying well to the front. (Hear, hear.) In common with other large businesses, working costs of every kind have increased considerably, and the wages question has received very careful consideration at our hands. Our wages accounts show a large increase, but we recognise that the increased cost of living has to be borne by all, no matter what their station in life, and I can repeat what I stated last year, that we have, generally speaking, a contented staff. (Hear, hear.) This we regard as a matter of the first importance. I am glad the Chairman has referred to the benefits that have resulted from the various activities of the Ministry of Food, and endorse most heartily all he has said, especially in regard to the advantages that have resulted from the rationing of the country in certain staple articles of food. As a member of the first Committee appointed by the Ministry of Food to devise a scheme of rationing, I was enabled to foresee benefits to be derived from the scheme, and urged its adoption.

The motions for the adoption of the report and accounts and as to the allocation of profit were seconded by Mr. H. L. Peters and Mr. J. Frank Gregory respectively, and carried unanimously.

Thereafter Mr. C. Williamson Milne, deputy chairman, was re-elected a director, and the auditors, Messrs. Turquand, Youngs, and Co., were re-elected.

The meeting concluded with a hearty vote of thanks to the chairman.

COMPANY MEETINGS.

A. W. GAMAGE.

The annual meeting was held on the 12th inst., Mr. A. W. Gamage presiding. In moving the adoption of the report and accounts, he said he did so with more than usual satisfaction, in view of the splendid results they were able to lay before the shareholders to-day. Their stock had been well bought, and they could sell it to the trade at higher prices than they were charging the public over the counter. "Value for money" had always been the policy of the firm, and they were maintaining that standard to-day. The acquisition during the past year of the old-established firm of John Piggott, Ltd., was a notable feature, and had proved a good investment. The year under review was a record one, but he anticipated they would far eclipse those figures this year.

In recognition of the extraordinary and successful exertions of Mr. A. W. Gamage on behalf of the company, the meeting unanimously voted the chairman a clear additional remuneration of £1,000 for the year.

FELLOWS MAGNETO CO.

The first annual general meeting was held on the 12th inst. The Chairman, Mr. V. L. Fellows, said: The importance of the magneto industry to this country may be gauged from the report of Lord Balfour of Burleigh's Committee, recommending an ample measure of protection in the future for British manufacture of magnetos. Your directors recommend the payment of a final dividend of 5½ per cent. on the Preferred shares, making 9½ per cent. to December 31, 1917, and a dividend of 15 per cent. on the Ordinary shares. The adoption of the report and balance sheet was seconded by Mr. H. M. Alleyn and carried.

A £30,000 BOOK.

THE WONDERS OF THE WORLD.

For two**PENCE** a day you can possess one of the most beautiful and fascinating fine art books ever published. This book is "**THE WONDERS OF THE WORLD**," the marvels of nature and man as they exist to-day. Never before has such a wonderful idea been brought to such perfection. Here you have over 1,000 beautiful pictures, selected from nearly 1,000,000 and 28 beautiful coloured plates, showing the world's most wonderful sights, described by the most famous travellers. The photographs took over five years to collect and come from all parts of the World. The two large handsome Volumes are printed throughout on the finest quality art paper and are beautifully bound in half morocco leather elaborately gilded. "The Wonders of the World" has been translated into almost every European language, and about a quarter of a million copies have been sold—a fine testimony as to its great fascination. It is a standard work for every home. Write to-day, enclosing 4 penny stamps to cover postage, and we will send you **FREE** the first 40 pages and a coloured plate printed on art paper worth 1s. IT IS SURE TO PLEASE YOU.
The STANDARD ART BOOK CO., Ltd., Dept. 8, 30-32, Ludgate Hill, E.C.4.

PLAY THIS AT SIGHT.

Amateur musicians who cannot now play at sight can easily do so in three months by the Tholwall Rapid System of Sight-Reading (12 lessons only, by correspondence). You are told what to do and how to do it.
During the last 11 years this system has been highly recommended by all the leading papers and thousands of successful pupils throughout the world.
"You have my consent to use my name as one who strongly approves of your methods."
(Signed) LANDON RONALD.
Endorsed also by Sir F. Bridge, Mus. Doc., M.V.O., Dr. J. Borland, etc. Send 1½d. stamp to-day for free, unsolicited testimonials, and full information to Dept. 8, W. H. THELWALL, 30-32, Ludgate Hill London, E.C.4.

SOME PERILS OF VENEREAL DISEASE.

This announcement is issued by the National Council for Combating Venereal Diseases, a representative body recognised by the Government. President, Rt. Hon. Lord Sydenham. Vice-Presidents, The Bishop of Southwark. Sir Thomas Barlow, Bart., K.C.V.O., M.D., Chairman of Propaganda, Sir Malcolm Morris, K.C.V.O., F.R.C.S.E. General Secretary, Mrs. A. C. Gotto, O.B.E.

6. HOW INNOCENT CHILDREN ARE INFECTED.

(a) *With Gonorrhœa.*

A man has had gonorrhœa and believes he has been cured because the discharge has stopped. He gets married. But there may be still some remnant of the disease which becomes active again, and so the man may give it to his wife.

She may then infect her baby as it comes into the world. The parts infected are the baby's eyes. The inflammation set up is very violent, and unless it is thoroughly and effectively treated the sight may be completely lost. In times past one-third of the cases said to be born blind suffered from this form of eye trouble.

(b) *With Syphilis.*

The most striking result of infection with Syphilis of a wife by her husband is that she gets a premature dead baby. She may get several premature dead babies one after the other. Then she may get a living child which may be very feeble and soon die, and after this she may have a child apparently healthy at first. After six weeks it shows well-marked signs of disease. This baby, under proper treatment, recovers from the early symptoms, but after it is five years old is apt to get chronic trouble of the eyes, then obstinate deafness, and then imbecility from disease of the brain.

In face of these grave facts all sufferers from Venereal Disease (even those apparently cured, unless already discharged by the doctor) should immediately seek medical advice.

FREE TREATMENT.

Free treatment, under conditions of secrecy, is provided by the Government in most centres. Apply at the out-patients' department of the nearest hospital, or to the local Medical Officer of Health.

Those who are in any doubt or difficulty should write to the Hon. Medical Secretary, N.C.C.V.D., 81, Avenue Chambers, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1, for free literature and information.

HAWLEY'S
YORKSHIRE PUDDING
POWDER
Betters your Batter.

The experience of thousands of first-class cooks proves that in making Batter, Hawley's Yorkshire Pudding Powder is far more satisfactory than even eggs. Economise on eggs and get better results by using Hawley's Yorkshire Pudding Powder.

Ask for the 1d. packet, which substitutes two eggs, and is sufficient for two Yorkshire Puddings

Sole Manufacturers:
H. B. & R. HAWLEY, Ltd., Food Mills, Shipley, Yorks.

THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL, &c., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase. All communications should be addressed to JOHN BULL Advertisement Department, 92, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

2ND Prize £20 — 'Bullets' 1ST Prize — 3RD Prize £10

5 PRIZES OF £5	10 PRIZES OF £1	25 PRIZES OF 10/-	£200	200 PRIZES OF 5/-	1000 PRIZES OF 2/6	3000 SPECIAL TARGET PRIZES

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the thirty-two examples given below. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the examples chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letters in the alphabet. These examples will guide you. Example:—MOST TEMPTING WISH. Bullet:—HUN RAIDER SEES CATHEDRAL. Example:—SWEET NOTHINGS. Bullet:—MISER'S TIPS USUALLY. Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent. Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated July 13th. This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in EVERYWOMAN'S, dated June 22nd.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 290.

PAYING THE PRICE	MIXED BATHING	FOCH'S TASK	THE RED CROSS
SIMPLE LIFE	TOMMY'S PHOTOGRAPH	PUTTING THINGS STRAIGHT	AFTER PEACE
IMPROVED WITH KEEPING	NOBODY TO BLAME	CAN'T UNDERSTAND	CAPITAL AND LABOUR
FAIR FIGHTERS	MISUNDERSTOOD	AFTER NIGHT OUT	BRITISH STAMP
TOO LATE	GERMANY & AUSTRIA	SEASIDE DONKEY	MOST TEMPTING WISH
GOING STRONG	FATHER'S WORK	WON'T SERVE	WHAT CUTHBERT PANCIES
FINDING HIS MATCH	ROUGH TREATMENT	SWEET NOTHINGS	BOARDING-HOUSE FARE
MEAT AND DRINK	GERMANY WANTS	DEAR LETTERS	THE KAISER'S WORD

Closing Date, Thursday, June 27th

No.____
Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(290) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.
If 2 coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.
Signed _____
Address _____

☞ IF UNABLE TO SECURE EXTRA COUPONS YOU CAN WRITE YOUR "BULLETS" ON PLAIN PAPER.

Closing Date, Thursday, June 27th

No.____
Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(290) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.
If 2 coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.
Signed _____
Address _____

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 290, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2
Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope

Next Week's Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 291.

THE AMERICAN NAVY	TAKES SOME BEATING	TOMMY'S FUTURE	A RAPID FALL
WEARY WILLIE	A FARMER'S BOY	NOT GOOD ENOUGH	MADE IN GERMANY
GOING TOO FAR	MY DARLING	NOTHING ON	HIGH TIME
FAMILY TIES	TAKING IT EASY	ONCE TOO OFTEN	HUNS AT LARGE
A FAIR CAUTION	SAFE CROSSING	GOOD SPIRITS	THE KAISER'S HOPEFUL

These examples can be made use of on the coupons above, and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY, JULY 4th.** All coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **291** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons must be addressed "Bullets" **No. 291,** "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such coupons must not contain any of the thirty-two examples for Competition **290.**

BULLETS RULES. 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. Both coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed _____ and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

List of 10l. Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition 287 will be published in next week's "Competitor's Journal." Complete list of all Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

Result of 287th "Bullets" Competition

FIRST PRIZE OF £1,000

GUNNER E. WALES, R.M.A.,
Sub "Battery, H.M.S. "Imperieuse,"
c/o G.P.O.

Example:—THE BULLDOG BREED.
Bullet:—THEY'LL "WORRY"—YOU NEEDN'T.

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:

Mrs. J. JOHNSON,
19, Cliff Town Parade,
Southend-on-Sea.

Example:—THE GERMAN WAY.
Bullet:—WE'VE LEARNT TO "HATE."

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:

Private H. B. POWELL, M.G.C. A.P.O.
48, Mile Jason Street,
London, W.C. 1.

Example:—NOT SURPRISING IF
Bullet:—KAISER ISN'T—AFTER PEACE.

TEN PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

Mr. D. GRIFFITHS, 27, Henleaze Avenue, Bristol: FOR THE DURATION—TERRIBLE "WHILE" IT LASTS.
Mr. H. TAYLOR, 7, Pildes Street, Cheetham, Manchester: THE GERMAN WAY—"STAMPED" ON THEIR PRISONERS.
Mr. J. W. HARGREAVES, 23 Mornington Rd., Sale, Cheshire: WHAT BOTTOMLEY SAYS—RETURN NOTHING, EXCEPT BLOWS.
Sapper W. T. CONN, 3 Co., R.E. Signals, 'B' Dep., Dollogdy: THE GERMAN ARMY—FIGHTING AGAINST "BETTER JUDGMENT."
Cpl. T. MEEK, A.S.C., M.T. Driving School, Hounslow: NOT SURPRISING IF—INCREASED "DRAFTAGE" CLEANSES GERMANY.
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)
Miss W. McQUEEN, 1, Cheviot Villas, Wooler, R.S.O.: "OUR BEST—EVERYBODY DELIGHTED "AT PEACE."
Mr. T. J. HARRY, 60, Crown Street, Moorfields, Swansea: IRISH QUESTION—"GETTING MORE" INVOLVED.
2nd-Lt. G. H. WILTSHIRE, 3rd London General Hospital, Wandsworth, S.W.:
LUCKY DOG—THAT "SERVICE" THESE DAYS.
Mr. G. H. SIMON, 10, Machynis Buildings, Llanelly, Wales: ASKING TOO MUCH—WON'T STOP ALIENS TRAVELLING.
Pte. J. CHEETHAM, 48731, 82 Labour Co., B.E.F., France: BEASIDE LANDLADY—CONSIDERS HOUSEMOONERS "SOFT THINGS."

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

Mr. E. N. BROWN, 57, St. Andrews Road, Southampton: THE GERMAN WAY—"VERY SMOOTH" AT FIRST.—Mr. J. LEINSTER, Ballinderry, Co. Antrim: OF A SOFT THING—OFFICIAL.—THERE HIS FRIENDS.—Gunner F. CAMPION, R.F.A., 77, Mill Road, Kettering: MADE IN ENGLAND—FORTUNES FROM "GOVERNMENT WASTE."—Mr. G. SIMPSON, 1, St. James Street, Halifax: FRIGHTFUL MISTAKE—"THINKING GOVERNMENT" WOULD AVOID.—Miss J. VERSON, The Bridge, Plympton, S. Devon: IRISH QUESTION—WHO'S "GOING" TO SETTLE?—Mr. H. STRANGE, Autotype Works, Ravenslow Road, West Ealing: WHAT BOTTOMLEY SAYS—"UNCOMMON" LIKE THE TRUTH—Mr. W. T. COLE, Imperial Restaurant, Commercial Rd., Portsmouth: WHAT HAIG WILL DO—FINISH WHAT KAISER BEGAN.—Mr. F. ANDERSON, 17, Bilton Grove Ave., Harrogate: THE KAISER EXPECTS—"SOMETHING FOR HIS TROUBLE."—Mr. F. R. SECCOMBE, 32, Beach Road, Southsea: AFTER A BITE—TRAMP REMEMBERS THE "PLACE."—Mr. R. JOHNSON, 29, McQuibbands Bldgs., Shore Road, Perth: TAKEN BY SURPRISE—RAIDERS—NOT LONDONERS NOW.

'JOHN BULL'S' GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE

We are giving, absolutely **FREE OF CHARGE,** an insurance against **ZEPPELIN** and all other **AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION,** or **BLOCKADE.**

Anyone can be insured irrespective of sex or age, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person.

Remember, the Ordinary Fire and Accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

The full conditions governing this scheme will appear in JOHN BULL *from time to time.*

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any registered resident (man, woman or child) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named	£200
For the loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one eye and a limb	£200
For the loss of one limb or one eye	£100
Per week, for total temporary disablement for a period not exceeding 13 weeks	£3
Should his, or his home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but necessitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than thirty days, up to	£10

ORDER FORM

To be Retained by Newsagent.

To.....Newsagent.

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed.....

Address.....

.....

June 22nd, 1918

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, where your name and the names of your nominee will be duly registered.

REGISTRATION FORM

Which must be posted to—

The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, W.C.2.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

.....Newsagent,

of.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this Insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death—

Name of Nominee .....

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Home address.....

June 22nd, 1918. .....

Enclose 6d. Stamp if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is required.

RHEUMATISM—NEURITIS—SCIATICA—LUMBAGO—GOUT & ALL ACHES & PAINS.

WONDERFUL SUCCESS OF NEW HOME CURE.

Inventor Generously Gives Away Books and Trial Packages Free to All Sufferers.

"CURICONES," the remarkable discovery of a London Manufacturing Chemist, is giving such successful results in expelling Uric Acid from the human organism, that every man or woman suffering from any form of Gouty or Rheumatic trouble should write to-day for "The Story of a Rheumatic Cure." This book tells exactly how the most painful and chronic ailments can easily be cured at home by means of this new scientific combination. With every book a free trial package will also be given, enabling all sufferers to give "Curicones" a free test. There is no need now to suffer, or walk about like a cripple. Simply send for the book and the trial package and follow this London doctor's advice:—

"Your Mrs. will doubtless be pleased to learn that the result of using your 'Curicones' was so satisfactory that I recommended them to Mrs. ——, who suffered for years from Arthritis. She is now entirely cured, all swellings and pain completely gone."

Amongst the so-called hopeless cases which have been cured may be mentioned Rheumatoid Arthritis, Gout, Neuritis, Lumbago, Sciatica, Rheumatism, Aches and Pains. Can you doubt the efficacy of this new and simple home cure after such evidence as this? Just imagine what this doctor's patient must have felt like after being cured of such a distressing ailment—no more pain,—no more stiffness and swellings. "Curicones" will cure you as they have cured this lady. They not merely relieve the pain, but eradicate its very cause, pleasantly, quickly and surely.

300 DOCTORS AND MANY RED CROSS HOSPITALS

have sanctioned "Curicones"—in our opinion one of the greatest distinctions in the annals of medicine. So you are risking nothing by sending for the free book and package to day.

Send no Money. Just forward your name, address and ailment in post-card will do) to Stephen Matthews & Co., Ltd., Manufacturing Chemists, Dept. W/1, 32321, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4, and you will receive by return one of the most valuable little books ever issued, and the trial package mentioned above, absolutely free of charge.

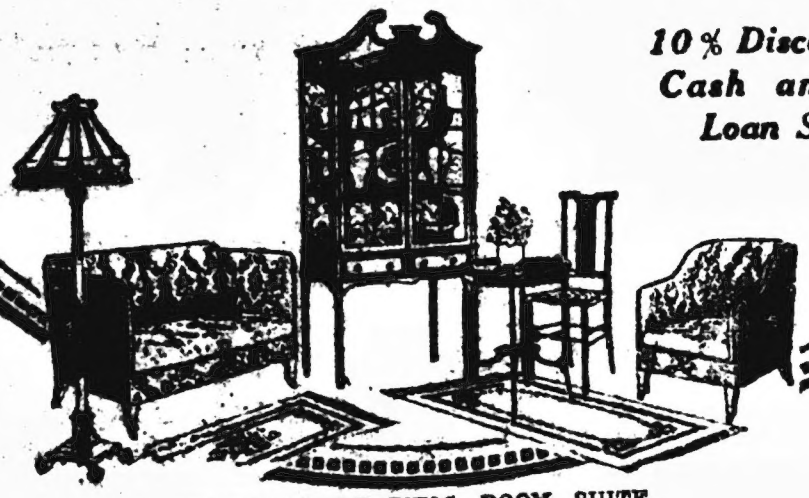
You can take it as certain!

IF you get it at the "Midland" it is bound to be the best. A business of the standing of the "Midland," which has been selling furniture here in London since the reign of George IV., is not going to risk its reputation by lowering quality for the sake of a few shillings extra profit. You can take it as certain that the sterling quality of "Midland" furniture will be maintained come what may.

Money buys more at the 'Midland'

By going to the "Midland" you not only secure the pick of £100,000 worth of the finest furniture in the Kingdom, you secure the added advantage of the lowest possible price, the utmost possible value for every shilling you spend. And the "Midland" Ideal Terms enable you to furnish out of income without touching your capital, without paying a single penny for credit, or interest, or any of the extras which other firms make a practice of charging.

10% Discount for Cash and War Loan Scrip.



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Ideal Terms
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£30 ...	0 16 6
£40 ...	1 2 0
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At the "Midland" customers can obtain free insurance policies whereby all furniture purchased on Ideal Terms is insured against damage by Fire, Aircraft Bombs, or Hostile Bombardment.

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WHAT IS THE £ s. d. VALUE OF YOUR HAIR?

HEALTHY AND BEAUTIFUL HAIR MAY BE YOURS FREE!

Write To-day for one of the Free 1,000,000 "Harlene Hair Drill" Outfits.

Not everyone would barter their hair during life for money as do the poor fisher maids of Brittany. For, after all, a really good head of hair has a higher value to its possessor than it would ever realise in the market if offered for public sale.

Every man and woman can have this priceless wealth of beautiful hair, if he or she will only devote two minutes a day to the practice of the wonderfully successful "Harlene Hair Drill." To-day, too, you can prove the truth of this statement without fee or obligation, for the Inventor-Discoverer of "Harlene" offers to every reader a Free Trial Harlene Outfit.

THE FOUR-FOLD GIFT.

1. A free bottle of "Harlene," the most invigorating food for hair and scalp.
2. A free packet of "Cremex" Shampoo powder, a delightfully refreshing and cleansing preparation that prepares the hair for "Harlene Hair Drill."
3. A free bottle of "Uzon," Brilliantine which gives a final polish and lustre to the "Harlene" dressed hair.
4. A Free Copy of the new edition of the "Harlene Hair Drill" Manual, giving complete and detailed instructions.

This Trial Outfit does not cost you a single penny—the only small expense to which you are put being the outlay of 4d. in stamps to defray cost of postage and packing on the Outfit.

HAIR THAT IS WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD.

No man or woman to-day can afford to neglect his or her hair. Thick, lustrous and beautiful hair has a definite cash value to everyone. It adds to your personal appearance, and a good appearance opens all doors to you. A woman has no charm to equal long, silken and radiant tresses of beautiful hair, the inspiration of a thousand poems. To a man healthy and well-groomed hair gives dignity and crispness.

And you can have such hair by practising "Hair Drill." All you have to do is to accept this most generous offer and begin "Harlene Hair Drill" at once free.

ENRICH YOUR HAIR TO-DAY.

There is no excuse to-day for any man or woman having thin, brittle, weak or falling hair. "Harlene Hair Drill" overcomes every kind of hair trouble, no matter from what cause it springs. It preserves the hair in health and it restores sickly hair back to health and beauty once more. Let "Harlene Hair Drill" enrich your hair, and increase its value to you. Simply send 4d. stamps for postage and packing and a Free Outfit will be sent to you.

It costs you nothing to register a full Seven Days' Trial Outfit of the universally popular "Harlene Hair Drill." You will be pleasantly surprised with the results of even a short course of this delightful "two-minutes-a-day" toilet exercise. Cut out and post the Free Gift Coupon to-day.

MILLIONS PRACTISE "HAIR-DRILL."

Millions of men and women now practise "Harlene Hair-Drill" daily. They have tested and proved that this unique preparation, "Harlene" and its agreeable method of application, "Hair-Drill," is the surest way to overcome all hair defects, and that it is also the easiest way to ensure the perfect growth of long, glossy, beautiful hair in abundance, glossy and bright.

"HARLENE" HAIR-DRILL FOR MEN.

Men, [illegible] "Harlene" prevents Scalp Irritation, Dandruff and the tendency to Baldness. It is not [illegible] to say that millions of men and women in all walks of life practise the refreshing [illegible] "Hair-Drill" daily, and so preserve hair-health and beauty.

After a Free Trial you can always obtain supplies of the preparations (each [illegible] Bottle, 1s. 1½d., or 2s. 6d., [illegible] Bottle, for [illegible] with full directions, [illegible] per box, [illegible] each; "Uzon" [illegible] bottle. If you have any difficulty in obtaining any or all of these preparations locally, send P.O. for amount, with [illegible] extra for postage, [illegible] 20, 22, 24 and 26. [illegible] Carriage [illegible] foreign orders must be crossed. Write to-day.

"HARLENE" FREE GIFT COUPON.

Detach and post to [illegible] Ltd., 20, 22, 24 and 26, [illegible] St., London, W.C.1.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me your Free "Harlene" Four-Fold Hair-Growing Outfit, as described above, for which I enclose 4d. in stamps for postage and packing to myself.

Name [illegible]

Address [illegible]

Write your full name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this Coupon to it, and post in envelope. (Mark envelope "Sample Dept.")

The National News. THE ONLY Sunday NEWSPAPER [illegible]

Acute Nervous Indigestion

Lost Health Soon Restored by Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Mrs. Crosby, 74 Ludlow Street, Leeds, says:—"I was suffering intensely with indigestion. The mere thought of food was nauseating, and in spite of all the medicine I had my health seemed hopelessly lost. I suffered after every meal. Flatulence, dizziness, palpitation and dreadful headaches were frequent troubles, and I became so weak and ill that I could hardly drag about. My nerves were in such a shocking state that I was afraid to be alone in the house, and when out of doors I used to feel like to faint sometimes.

"However some time ago a friend advised me to try Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and I did so and the final result is that I am now quite well and strong"

Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are the recognised modern home remedy for

Nervous Breakdown, Nervous Debility, Indigestion, Flatulence, Nerve Exhaustion, Sleeplessness, Stomach Disorder, Pimples, Decay, Bad Complexion, Anæmia, Bad Digestion, Loss of Vitality, Insomnia, Paralysis, Kidney Trouble, Wasting Diseases, Brain Fag

Unrivalled Antidote for Enriching, Purifying, and Toning the Brilliant Products of Life.

Sold by Chemists and Stores in all parts of the world.

Prices 1s., 1s. 3d. and 2s.—*the 2s. size being the most economical.*

FREE INFORMATION.—If you [illegible] further information about Dr. Cassell's Tablets, write to Dr. describing [illegible] case, and we will advise as to suitability. Address: Dr. Cassell Co., Ltd., Chester Rd., Manchester.

WILL YOU [illegible] Boy A Disabled Man?

The always available Meat Food

No difficulty in making meat dishes, for every day's dinner if you use Ex-Ox, the economical food extract. Use it, too, as a between meals sustaining beverage—instead of tea—at home, at the works, or the office.

Ex-Ox

"The Strength of the Ox."

The Extra Ration

Try it to-day for all the family's dinner. Use it not only in soups, but in risottos, dishes, "cutlets," etc. For Household use, and for Restaurants, Communal Kitchens, Canteens, etc., we strongly recommend the 7-lb. tins, which are particularly economical, containing 8 times the tubes' contents. Sold in 1-lb. tins, 1/- [illegible] also in [illegible] pocket hygienic [illegible] tubes at 1d.

Grocers' Provision Dealers everywhere

Manufactured by THE EX-OX CO. [illegible] LIVERPOOL.

Rid your home of disease-carrying insects

Sprinkle into nooks and crannies Hawley's I.K. and rid your home of obnoxious insect pests such as Beetles, Fleas, Wood vermin and other disease-carrying insects. I.K. does not merely stupefy the insects; it kills outright, and keeps them away—makes the house too hot for them.

Hawley's I.K. Insect Killer

Is a fine sweet smelling powder put up in handy sprinkler tins. Be sure to ask for Hawley's I.K. and see you get it—shun others.

From Chemists, Stores, etc., everywhere.

Manufactured by

Evan Owen Lougher & Wade Ltd.

Liverpool London

Send it to us to Your Soldier Friend.

Hawley's I.K. cannot be [illegible] by all Chemists and Stores, but [illegible] supplies in case of difficulty. [illegible] envelope [illegible] 4d.

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